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# The Saturday Review of Literature

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SIEGFRIED SASSOON

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# Broadcasting Books

## Drama, Fiction, and Poetry on the Air

BY LOUIS REID

"Terror by Night"—Orson Welles (extreme right) broadcasting the Polish horror story, "The Bells." From "Radio Writing" by Max Wylie (Farrar & Rinehart).

THE armchair audience, it is becoming more and more apparent, is being required to think. The listener is being educated without realizing it. Radio devotes much more time to educational programs than is generally believed. The NBC's statistics for last year, for example, show that 22 per cent of its time was educational. And by educational the radio men do not mean lectures aimed to discipline the minds of listeners. Rather, the term embraces dramatic presentations, historical sketches, debates upon controversial political and economic questions, talks by authors, discussions by leading authorities in the arts and sciences, the broadcasts of opinions upon a wide assortment of topics.

David Sarnoff, grand mahout of the microphone, declares that radio cannot undertake such a fundamental department of education as the training of the mind, but that it can, in common with other forms of communication and entertainment, feed the mind. Education, to reach a large audience, must be presented primarily as entertainment. It must be a show. Dr. James Rowland Angell, now educational counselor at NBC, whose employment is regarded as meaning a wider attention in the studios to educational programs, has no illusions concerning his assignment. He has ventured the opinion that the immediate future of radio education lies in the "popular" field.

In their supreme mission as showmen who, in the interest of public service, must inform and instruct as they entertain, the broadcasters have turned chiefly to music and to dramatic presentation as meeting most satisfactorily the demands of their listeners. In the field of music the radio men have long been recognized as bountiful providers. It is only within the last few years they have made drama, or the dramatic form of broadcast, a formidable and enriching activity.

Drama in varied form is manifestly looking up on the microphone. It is a fact that is conditioned, however, by the commercial freedom enjoyed by the broadcasters. When the radio men gain control of their own business, as they do upon occasion, they proceed to exercise imagination and intelligence. It is then that they experiment with sound effects, with voice enlargement and diminution, and encourage such original work as Maxwell Anderson's "The Feast of Ortolans," heard over NBC last year, in which the playwright successfully presented no single protagonist, but revealed his cast as individual and group expression of a significant social theme. A similar example is Archibald MacLeish's "The Fall of the City," which, broadcast over CBS in 1937, achieved the illusion of the movements and voices of great crowds. And last October CBS produced MacLeish's "Air Raid," a portrayal of the experiences of a "border village" bombed by enemy planes. So enthusiastic was the response of the armchair audience to the half-hour presentation that records of the broadcast have been made available to the public.

The drama trend on the microphone dates from the NBC's establishment of the Radio Guild in 1929, which aimed to acquaint the armchair public with the better-known plays of the past through adaptations judiciously condensed for the microphone and with actors chiefly recruited from the studio. A few commercial sponsors tried drama, one or two with conspicuous success, by the then novel plan of offering popular names of the stage or screen in well known current plays. Despite their frequent commercial interruptions they managed at times to present some first-class performances.

Most successful of the commercially sponsored drama programs to date has been the Radio Theatre. Under the direction of the veteran film producer, Cecil B. DeMille, this weekly period, tapping the Broadway stage for its material and Hollywood for the majority of its leading players, is now rated among the half dozen most popular programs of the air. First presented in the autumn of 1934 over NBC, it moved after a year to CBS where it continues at present. In addition to the Radio Theatre, CBS broadcasts each week the Theatre of the Air, with a cast comprised of guest stars and with John Barrymore as master of ceremonies; Orson Welles's Mercury Theatre; and a series of special adaptations with Hollywood stars in principal roles.

Despite a prevalent notion, in and out of the studios, that Shakespeare has little interest for the radio audience, broadcasters regularly give a considerable part of their valuable time to performances of his works. The word "give" has noteworthy significance since, to date, no commercial sponsor has deemed it wise to base his sales appeal to the public upon performances of Shakespeare. Since its organization twelve years ago, NBC alone has aired some eighty Shakespearean productions, in addition to occasional broadcasts of short scenes.

It was not until the summer of 1936, however, that the networks suddenly found in Shakespeare a rich source of radio material, accompanied by such spirited rivalry, such heavy beating of the publicity drums, as ordinarily marks the discovery of a comic novelty or a new

Next Week

THE WILD PALMS
By WILLIAM FAULKNER
*Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman*

FROST FLOWER
By HELEN HULL
*Reviewed by Phyllis Bentley*

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CBS

**Broadcasting "Air Raid" by Archibald MacLeish**

technique in dance rhythm. NBC offered its special Shakespearean cycle with Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore in the principal roles, emphasizing that the plays were "all adapted by the distinguished actor to fit the streamlined flight of radio broadcasting." CBS set out to select eight plays which, representing a fair cross-section of the author's works, would be "most likely to interest all classes of people, and at the same time be somewhat familiar to the radio audience." Taking no chances! But once the plan was determined upon, be it said to the credit of the broadcasters, and their adapters, Archibald MacLeish and Gilbert Seldes, the presentations were skillfully contrived. Each play, in its hour's duration, retained much of the essential drama and beauty of the original, and an assortment of stars, mostly recruited from the Hollywood gold fields, declaimed the roles. Casting traditions were disregarded as the broadcasters varied their roles with such names as Edward G. Robinson, Frank Morgan, and Walter Connolly. Broadcasters stand for few old-fashioned notions. If Shakespeare can be pepped up by the addition of Hollywood's own Little Caesar, then Robinson is the man to do it. It is interesting to note that for this series the largest network ever assembled, it is said, for a sustaining program was arranged.

The works of such leading contemporary dramatists as Eugene O'Neill and George Bernard Shaw have recently been performed at NBC. There has also been a series of Pulitzer Prize plays. Though the customary care was taken to strip "Beyond the Horizon" of most of its realistic profanity, a few comparatively mild expletives were left in the script to insure a measure of authentic characterization. The result was a storm of protests which still has a repercussion among those who would reduce modern realistic drama on the air to the primness of a quilting party. Shaw's expansive "Back to Methuselah" was brought to the microphone through the comparatively simple process of bridging the first and last scenes of the play with a brief narrative. The scenes dovetailed neatly, and Shaw, who, incidentally, waived his usual high royalties, was said to have been eminently satisfied with the microphone version. He should have been: he prepared it.

The broadcasters are on an increasing hunt for originality, though their budgets do not yet permit them to pay fees to authors commensurate with those received on the stage or screen. The interpreter, rather than the creator, reaps the chief reward in gold as in glory.

The Columbia Workshop, conceived as a means of experimenting in radio technique, of interesting new writers and artists and giving new emphasis to radio as a cultural force, has achieved some striking results. Under the former direction of Irving Reis, it presented a novel piece of impressionism called "Skyscraper," describing the sensations of a man falling from a great height. "The Fall of the City" was another production of the Workshop. Experiments also were made in adaptations of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," in which sound effects were eliminated and the characters were made known to the listener through trick voices, acoustical changes, and an appropriate musical score. With the departure of the ingenious Reis for Hollywood, much of the experimental activity of the Workshop has been dropped, and recourse is being had at present chiefly to dramatizations of popular fiction.

The Mutual network, headed in New York City by WOR, can and does claim credit for the discovery, if not the development, of the fabulous Orson Welles as a radio author and actor. Mr. Welles produced over CBS such a sensation with his news flash adaptation of an H. G. Wells fantasy that it continues to perplex educators, broadcasters, radio commissioners, government officials, editorial writers, army chiefs, and large portions of the more intelligent ear-cuppers of the nation. When the views are all summed up and boiled down, the residue is, indisputably, a recognition of Mr. Welles as a radio dramatic talent of an unusually high order. He and his Mercury Theatre quickly attracted a commercial sponsor. His surprising and surpassing achievement in publicity, though unwitting, should stimulate wider interest in the broadcasters' labors in dramatic effects, if not in drama. It should prove to the radio rajahs that they do not need to worry, though the commercial sponsors may, over obtrusive, mood-dispelling announcements, since the announcements apparently are not listened to.

Meanwhile, original radio plays, despite the comparatively low remuneration paid to writers, pour in to the broadcasting studios. They are carefully read in the hope that some hitherto unknown but genuine talent will be uncovered. A series of original plays is now occupying a weekly spot on NBC schedules.

Save in isolated cases, as of Maxwell Anderson and Archibald MacLeish, the microphone has not attracted as yet celebrated playwriting names as contributors of original material. Noted playwrights are interested in radio not alone because of the vast audience available for their work, but because the microphone would enable them to live in or near New York. A large number of them profess to dislike Hollywood, but they, likewise, profess that they cannot ignore Hollywood's rewards, which make those of radio ridiculously insignificant in comparison.

Recently there has been a healthy tendency on the part of the broadcasters to adapt vivid fact and fiction as well as dramatic historical episodes. Thus, excerpts of James Truslow Adams's "Epic of America" have been transferred to the microphone. Radio productions have been given of Marquis James's "Andrew Jackson" and Philip Guedalla's "The Hundred Years." The works of Paul De Kruif have been tapped. (James Truslow Adams, incidentally, has enlisted in the radio army. He was recently engaged as historical consultant upon CBS's current "Cavalcade of America," a weekly program sponsored by the Du Ponts.)

Best-selling novels are often adapted for radio programs. Air versions have been given in recent months over NBC networks of John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men"; James Hilton's "We Are Not Alone," "Good-Bye, Mr. Chips," and "Lost Horizon"; of Hervey Allen's "Action at Aquila," Pearl Buck's "This Proud Heart," and Kenneth Roberts's "Northwest Passage." To the microphone have also come special presentations of Dorothy Baker's "Young Man With a Horn," Hans Fallada's "Little Man, What Now?" Jesse Stuart's "Beyond Dark Hills," and

(*Continued on page* 13)

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# The Young Sherston

*THE OLD CENTURY, AND SEVEN MORE YEARS. By Siegfried Sassoon. New York: The Viking Press.* 1939. $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

ALTHOUGH Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer," and "Sherston's Progress" are thinly disguised as fiction, they constitute one of the fine autobiographies of our time. Dropping the anonymity of fiction, Sassoon in "The Old Century, and Seven More Years" tells the true story of his boyhood in Kent and of his years at preparatory schools and Cambridge. It should be said at once that "The Old Century" is a superb book, a poet's book by one of the living masters of English prose. In an age of jitterbug writing Sassoon's rich, lucid prose is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The fine promise of "The Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" (Sassoon's first volume of prose) is richly fulfilled in "The Old Century." Here one discovers the same quiet, unlabored beauty, the same crisp pictures of Kentish meadows and Weald; but the humor is richer and deeper, especially in the sketches of his amazing relatives and Kentish neighbors, and in the shrewd analysis of his own budding creative talent.

As every reader of Sassoon knows, the poet came out of the four shattering years of the war with the Military Cross and a severe shell shock, and a conviction that "war is hell and those who institute it are criminals." His sensitive, humane soul was so harrowed and outraged by the barbarism of war and its chaotic aftermath that the tranquil beauty and the healthy joys of his childhood are by contrast italicized in his memory. When writing "The Old Century," Sassoon ran across a school picture taken in 1901.

> Beside me are two nice German boys, first cousins, who afterwards fought one another in a war which neither of them wanted. My own face confronts me with an expression of amused simplicity, suggesting that I wasn't bothering about anything that might be happening when I was fourteen years older than the photograph, taken one Sunday morning in bright winter sunshine, to remind me long afterwards of those precariously remembered humanities which my soliloquies recreate.

Many middle-aged and older people today look back on the twenty years preceding the World War as the most civilized era in man's history. Science had already given us practically all the comforts we enjoy today, if not all our complex and complicating gadgets; moreover, there was a spiritual security which man may never again possess. Sassoon grew up during these placid years on a garden-like Kentish estate with two congenial brothers as playmates, a healthy love of the outdoors, and endless hours for cricket, fishing, and riding. Naturally "The Old Century" is an idyll, although never sentimental. With rare imagination but with little talent for memorizing facts, he barely escaped an ignominious career in school. His final report from Marlborough School was indeed ominous: "Lacks power of concentration; shows no particular intelligence or aptitude for any branch of his work; seems unlikely to adopt any special career." But he absorbed life as he lived it, imaginatively and joyously.

"The Old Century" has but one fault: it is too brief. The reader longs to learn more about Siegfried's mysterious Jewish father, about Aunt Rachel and the astounding tribe of Thornycrofts. (The poet's mother we already knew well as Aunt Evelyn and Richardson as Dixon in the earlier books.) But to complain of the brevity of a book is to pay it a tribute.

*Richard A. Cordell, of the department of English at Purdue University, is the author of a book on Maugham.*

# Appeasement at Any Price

*IN MY TIME: AN OBSERVER'S RECORD OF WAR AND PEACE. By Sisley Huddleston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.* 1938. $3.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

IN style, in important historical content, and in critical evaluation of statesmen and their ideas, Sisley Huddleston's new book takes its place high on the list of our recent crop of journalistic reminiscences. Few men have had the privilege of spending almost a quarter of a century at the chief fountainheads of world news. Few can have been in such close and continuous contact with so many renowned figures. Incapacitated by a cardiac abnormality which kept him from active service in the World War, Huddleston did his bit, without violating his moral scruples, by joining the staff of the *Continental Daily Mail* in Paris and working himself to the bone to get a half million copies of the paper to the British army in France each day. His recollections of Paris at war are vivid and informative.

**Sisley Huddleston: "His ideas are being put to the test, if in a crude way." . . .**

The work wore him out physically, but by the time the Paris Peace Conference convened he was once more on hand to report the preparation and signature of a peace treaty whose irreparable blunders he was almost alone in pointing out. Then he followed the aftermath, of conference after conference, while Germany was bled white by the victorious Allies and responded with passive resistance to the might of the French army in the Ruhr. Then Mr. Huddleston went soft. Because he had watched the creation of an admittedly unjust international order, he tended to condone all attempts to alter the existing world status, even by force. No matter that the fascist remedy of territorial expansion at the point of a gun might be worse than the disease, or that territorial expansion might continue beyond all equitable bounds once it was begun. League sanctions, because they embittered international relations and set fascist against anti-fascist, broke Huddleston's belief in the possibility of a reasonable humanity in our time.

And so, after an increasingly open display of reactionary ideas which cannot be catalogued here, we are given the solution for Europe's problem. It lies in the education of a cosmopolitan *élite*, without acute national consciousness or racial prejudice, which will be dominated by the idea of love. We must cultivate compassion. We must realize the need for compromise, tolerance, moderation.

**Well, Mr. Huddleston's ideas are being put to the test, if in a crude way. The four-power appeasement policy he advocates—with Britain and France, Germany and Italy showering one another with expressions of compassion and pacific intentions—had its inception at Munich on September 29. If Mr. Huddleston is satisfied with the results thus far and still thinks his desire for "love and compassion" will make any impression in Berlin or Rome, I wish he would write another book and tell us about it.**

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# X-Rays on Paintings

*ART CRITICISM FROM A LABORATORY. By Alan Burroughs. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.,* 1938. $6.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

READERS of the *Burlington Magazine* and other art publications already know that for several years the systematic examination of paintings has gone forward by means of the microscope, chemical analysis, and photography by ultra-violet, infra-red, and X-rays. Just how far these "criminal investigators" have progressed, and just what value their discoveries have not only for specialists but also for connoisseurs who are not specialists, are questions now brilliantly answered by Alan Burroughs, himself an expert in the Fogg Museum's Department of Technical Research, and admirably qualified to appraise the efforts of his colleagues here and abroad in the field of the X-ray. Originally planned for experts whose primary concern is with technical method, stylistic identification, attribution, and the detection of alterations and forgeries, this book broadened as it progressed to include among its readers those critics "interested in seeing and not necessarily theorizing their way into art." It did so because the author realized how the minute and subtle discriminations which he and others were able to make, enlarge and deepen our appreciation of art by helping us to re-create the painter's temperament and by sharpening visual and intellectual faculties which are as vital a part of the mature man's equipment for understanding works of art as are the principles of esthetics or the facts of history.

Mr. Burroughs's first four chapters lucidly explain the methods and tools of the art research laboratory, describe the kind of evidence they provide, warn us against assuming that this evidence constitutes a short cut to knowledge, then proceed to show what the X-ray shadowgraph reveals when it penetrates to the skeleton of a picture, "thus adding to the subject matter of criticism the underpaint and preparatory workmanship in dense pigment," revealing the brushwork which is the artist's handwriting, the "tell-tale tracks of originality" which no copyist can avoid, and those alterations by the original painter's own hand which reveal his mind working,—in short, providing more intimate knowledge of the insides of pictures, on the basis of which historians can hope to settle vexed problems of authorship, and critics be guided toward new critical truths. Readers with patience and curiosity will find reward not only in these preliminary chapters, but also in subsequent passages where the new tool is applied by Mr. Burroughs to problems at first simple and then, towards the end of the book, delicate, complex, and exhausting. Shadowgraphs are produced to support the author's claim that Leonardo painted the central panel in the National Gallery *Virgin of the Rocks*, and that Nicolas Maes was not two painters but "one artist who was three painters in about as many years." "Art Criticism from a Laboratory" establishes the value of X-ray in bringing into focus new facts as "ammunition in the battle of opinions," and breaks new critical ground by revealing the extent to which, as the author contends, "the act of appreciation can be understood without the aid of philosophic or psychological theories," and can be undertaken "within the bounds of common sense and practical reasoning."

*Oliver Larkin is Professor of Art at Smith College.*

*Worcester Art Museum*

**Left—Nicolas Maes, "Woman at Prayer," detail. Right, shadowgraph detail showing hidden portrait. From "Art Criticism from a Laboratory."**

# Sound into Sense

*THE WONDER OF WORDS: An Introduction to Language for Everyman. By Isaac Goldberg. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co.* 1938. $3.75.

Reviewed by J. B. DUDEK

MAN has been using words, Lord knows how many centuries now; but hitherto it has been left for a few specialists or amateurs to take any real interest in words as such, as well as in the faculty that made them possible and in their invention or evolution: the average man uses them in much the same manner that he might board an airplane or click on the electric light. He could not imagine doing without them, but he neither makes any effort, nor even sees the necessity for making an effort, to study or appreciate them.

The subtitle, therefore, of the late Dr. Goldberg's book—"An Introduction to Language for Everyman"—is a little misleading. Nowhere does the author descend to the level of the tabloid or so-called popular mind. His book is a labor of love, and he had the knowledge and ability to make it a masterpiece. Within a volume of reasonable length, he has condensed an amazing mass of philological and allied facts, with no odor of the pedagogy ordinarily pervading erudite works. Each of the twenty-two chapters, *e.g.*, on the origin of speech, the infancy of language, sound becoming sense, imagery and metaphor, the word as magic, the production of sounds, "philologers," Janus words, mutation of meanings, etymology, applied semantics, grammar, style, purism, language with relation to races and cultures, written language, and universal language, whether dealing with facts drawn from experience and observation or with theories deducible therefrom, forms practically a complete essay that may be read leisurely and meditatively, and enjoyed by itself—presupposing always that the reader had a modicum of intelligence to begin with and that his critical faculty has not disappeared through disuse.

The book is advertised as *answering* questions like: Has man always had a language? Can animals attain speech? and, Will there be a universal language? Of course it does *not* answer them, since in a sense they are unanswerable; but it does provoke further questioning, and suggests rational speculation, with possible solution of riddles. Last but not least, it does stimulate thought when most people have fallen out of the habit of doing real thinking. Briefly, Doctor Goldberg has succeeded admirably in giving us a scholarly work that is, simultaneously, eminently readable.

The book is beautifully printed, and has an adequate subject index as well as one of the individual words coming up for discussion.

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*Taller*

**Village in the State of Trujillo, Venezuela**

# Genius for Endurance

*VENEZUELA. By Erna Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1939. $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

ANY book that makes the people of Latin America more familiar to us North Americans is timely. Miss Fergusson, with two colorful volumes on Mexico and Guatemala to her credit, now gives us an up-to-date picture of Venezuela. This is a relatively unknown country, for until three years ago it had been in the tight grip of a succession of tyrants who successfully prevented a true picturing of their dominion. The death at the close of '35 of the dictator, Juan Vicente Gomez, may mark the end of an epoch. Though one of his own lieutenants was his successor, Eleazar Lopez Contreras, strangely enough, put aside dictatorial ways, freed all political prisoners, invited back the host of exiles, and established a degree of civil liberty unprecedented in the fatherland of Simon Bolivar.

In fact Miss Fergusson makes the contrast between Bolivar's high aspirations for liberty and democratic self-rule for the peoples he freed from old-world colonialism, and the actuality of their subsequent oppression by dictators, a sort of *leitmotif* for her Venezuela. Quite properly so. By and large that Latin-American paradox is nowhere more striking than in Venezuela, first of the nations to secure independence from the Spanish crown, yet longer and more heavily oppressed than most of its Hispanic sister states. Nor does the happy modification of the regime after Gomez's death from old age appear to have resulted from any popular revolt or demand for change, but rather from the latent and previously unsuspected quality of the country's new president.

"A people whose genius is for endurance rather than for effective action," Miss Fergusson characterizes the Venezuelans, although this comment relates to plumbing rather than to politics. Plumbing is either non-existent or does not function in Venezuela: "setting up plumbing fixtures suffices." Of course this comment applies equally to the political machinery, which long ago was set up in all the glory of the three branches, constitution, checks and balances, the ballot-box. Possibly some perspicacious political scientist will discover an equation to measure a people's civilization in terms of their plumbing and/or politics. It is interesting and pertinent here to record that Miss Fergusson in her journey encountered Puerto Ricans, culturally and racially members of the Hispanic-American family, but United States citizens, one of whom said:

"I used to hate the United States and think they ought to get out and leave us alone. But since I've seen Venezuela I'm grateful to Uncle Sam for coming in and cleaning us up."

It must not be thought that the writer exhibits other than the friendliest spirit toward Venezuela. But her reporting is accurate and her perspective adequate. And so she has produced a travel book which is well above the average and provides an introduction to those who want to know about one of our nearer neighbors. It forms a complement to Thomas Rourke's fascinating "Gomez, Tyrant of the Andes," which belongs on any five-foot shelf dealing with Latin America.

# The Growth of the Individual

*ENGLISH FOLK. By Wallace Notestein. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THE first of the thirteen characters in this book died in the twentieth century, the last of them lived in the sixteenth. As it moves back into the shadows of history this procession of English men and women tries to make us ask ourselves a question. Were the people of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and to a certain extent of the eighteenth, too, less complicated than ourselves? Mr. Notestein admits that the question can never be fully answered, but on the whole he seems to think that the answer is yes. On the whole, he may be right . . . if you exclude the great personages of the English Renaissance; if you exclude the Pyms, the Cromwells, the Falklands; if, in fact, you exclude everyone who played a part in affairs of state.

All the people in this book are country people. The records they have left behind them are, except in the case of Parson Woodforde, not communicative. They lived before the industrial revolution, and of the economic subtleties of their own time they were unaware. It is the business of their biographer, out of the knowledge which he has and they could not have had, to put thoughts and moods into them.

Once you admit, however, that it has such a limitation, "English Folk" is full of interest. In the first place, it has a point of view. It is trying to tell us something about the growth of the individual; and a point of view, even if you don't agree with it, saves a collection of essays from becoming just another collection of essays. In the second place, Mr. Notestein has gone to obscure sources to bring these people to our notice. Except for the great Whig squire, Coke of Holkham, and for Parson Woodforde, they are people of whom we may well be hearing for the first time. They range from laborers, like Frederick Bettsworth, through yeomen and squires to great figures like Brilliana, Lady Harley, who successfully defended her castle against a lieutenant of Charles I in one of the truly comic sieges of all time. Each one, moving to and fro in his narrow landscape, greets us with a puzzled face. We can only reply with a similar expression. On both sides, ours and theirs, there seems a demand for more interpretation from Mr. Notestein. Mr. Notestein, however, refrains: and if we are pleased by his book—and I feel that most of us will be, for it is charmingly written—we shall have to go back to history to find out what it is all about.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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## A Citizen's View of "Science for the Citizen"

ENGLAND, for all the fear and shame she has endured in the last three years, is happy in the possession of a new brand of young man. The type appears to be the product of her remarkable system of education, which judged by its fruits is the best in the world. They do not resemble our atmospheric uplifters who slip in and out of the brain-trust according to eccentric winds of doctrine. They are still less like the ersatz-intellectuals who supply cheap substitutes for intelligence in the Fascist empires. They are accurately informed and sharply disciplined, and they write very good books, which, whether you agree with them or not, are not to be laughed off. Of this vivid group Professor Hogben is perhaps the most notable example.

He is really notable. An economist who has taken all knowledge for his province is a refreshing departure from the orthodox philosopher of Laputa, a type which economists too often tend to become. A scientist who knows the importance of making the elementary clear to the intellectually unwashed has the charm of novelty. A scientist who does make the elementary clear has still more. We don't pretend to have mastered either of Professor Hogben's two astonishing books,* but whenever we have dived into them "he has made us understand what we did not understand before." Lucidity is his middle name. And no question can arise as to the service he has done two great nations, whatever tail-feathers of detail envious specialists may pluck from him in their natural rage at seeing him cover all subjects better than they cover any.

For he does cover them better. He knows that, when an unfamiliar idea is advanced, two things must be done. In the first place, timidity with respect to the unfamiliar must be destroyed; and second, the charm of what is novel must be exploited. This he does to perfection. The skill with which he inveigles attention, until in spite of itself it explores "the regiment of the North Pole," or absolutely demands to know why the ideas of Aristarchus of Samos were permitted to sleep till Copernicus rolled away the stone from the tomb, is past our praise. No wonder if those persons who believe that accuracy can only be obtained by the deliberate exclusion of the dramatic or the exciting, feel as if they had slept in a bed of poison-ivy.

Professor Hogben has further enraged them by his healthy contempt for punditry. That is all right with us. The more he belabors persons who habitually behave as if they were superior to other men by virtue of some supposed mastery of some supposed mystery, the better we shall be pleased. Professor Hogben's brilliant predecessor, Sylvanus Thompson, never disguised his feelings with respect to mathematicians, who are apt to act as if only very special and precious natures are fit to be admitted to their delicate limbo, this in spite of the fact that intelligent children of ten can be brought to understand any mathematical flight whatever, provided the instruction be competent and rational. Professor Hogben has extended the idea to include all the sciences, and a good thing too. Clearly the hour has struck when no one should be regarded highly by himself or others merely because he has absorbed a subject he has done nothing to advance. The mandarin business is invariably a bad one, and there is far too much of it in science and, for that matter, in literature. No one has any right to be looked up to for his failure to explain what he is looked up to for. One cannot be angry with Professor Hogben for laboring the point.

But other aspects of his attitude leave us a little chilly. The neo-Marxian system to which Professor Hogben is devoted makes it an intellectual necessity to celebrate the many while you run down the one. This is perhaps a healthy reaction to overdoing the cult of the great man. And Professor Hogben has unquestionably done well to emphasize the enormous influence of the practical land-measurer, the practical sailor, and the practical miner on scientific ideas and the applications of technology. Yet genius does exist even if only as a catalyst which causes vague solutions in the popular mind to precipitate crystalline statements. Hundreds of thousands of Egyptian peasants must have known quite a lot about right-angled triangles, before one of them noticed the relations existing between the sides and the hypotenuse. That particular Egyptian would have enjoyed a party with Archimedes and Newton. And it is safe to say that the Greek and the Englishman would have got a kick out of him. He may have been of the people, but he differed from the run of the mine because he had penetration and originality. Surely Professor Hogben cannot believe that penetration and originality are universal virtues. Soviet Russia seems willing enough to pay high for persons who possess these qualities. And persons who possess these qualities too frequently pay high for them in Soviet Russia.

If we understand him, Professor Hogben's thesis is that unless an hypothesis, or a discovery, leads to larger opportunity and better conditions of life for mankind at large, then it had better not be hypothesized or discovered. But how can he or any one else tell whether an adventure in pursuit of increased knowledge will lead to truth or no? Is what appears useless necessarily antisocial? We believe that the non-Euclidean systems of Bolyai and Lobachevsky must have looked like "leisure class" mathematics to Karl Marx. We have been told that such systems are not without interest to men designing dynamos at Schenectady today. It's an old fight and perhaps not worth further squabble. But it has its amusing side when Professor Hogben writes as if a corporation of dons had stolen the second law of thermodynamics and denied to a hungry proletariat the privilege of feasting their eyes on Riehmann's surfaces.

The fact is Professor Hogben's political philosophy makes him unnecessarily intolerant. A thinker and a good one wherever the compulsion of his faith does not weigh too heavily on his brilliant and ingenious mind, he seems unwilling to admit the conceivability of wishing well to mankind except in his form of words. He has plumped for one belief and dissenters are fools or knaves. One wishes that he did not occasionally achieve the perfect certainty of a Baptist clergyman ingeminating the inevitabilities of his doctrine.

No man in these times has done as much as Professor Hogben to stimulate and satisfy the layman's curiosity. To dwell too much on his peculiarities would be as ridiculous as it would be unjust. But we wish that his charity were equal to his clarity. It would be pleasant if occasionally when he takes up controversial matters not unclouded by the unproved and hypothetic, he showed symptoms of recognizing that he might be mistaken.

LEONARD BACON.

* *SCIENCE FOR THE CITIZEN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.*
*MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION. New York: W. W. Norton & Co.*

## Postscript on Nietzsche

In an editorial some weeks ago, the writer drew attention to the discrepancy between Nietzsche's thought and the practices of his alleged disciples. He has since received from Mr. Benjamin de Casseres a fascinating anthology of Nietzsche's opinions on the French, the Germans and the Jews. Any one interested in the hateful drama now playing in Germany will do well to investigate the views of a German who differed in every respect from defilers of thought and perverters of doctrine.

L. B.

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# Letters to the Editor: *Intelligent Motion Pictures; Did Dickens Explain Himself?*

### "Pictures and Censorship"

SIR:—I WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR EXCELLENT ARTICLE "PICTURES AND CENSORSHIP" IN DECEMBER 31 ISSUE. ANYTHING THAT YOU CAN DO TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE MORE INTELLIGENT AND STRONGER PICTURES, PICTURES THAT WILL BE COMPARABLE IN SOME DEGREE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY, IS A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

WALTER WANGER.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

### Explaining Dickens

SIR: I suppose we should be grateful for Stephen Leacock's review of the Dickens Letters. Though informed in every line by a desperate desire to belittle Dickens, it is written with some care.

On p. 16, commenting on Dickens's letter to Arthur Smith, May 25, 1858, Mr. Leacock writes: "In other words Dickens 'merely remarks' that his wife was such a woman that if her own children were placed in her care, they'd have presumably all gone to hell. . . ."

The elegant language is Mr. Leacock's, not Dickens's. As to the fact, I think they would. Every special student of Dickens I happen to know agrees with me. If Mr. Leacock has private evidence to the contrary, he ought to share it with us.

There is no evidence to show that "The reality, no doubt, was that Dickens put his wife away from him. Her consent, as far as she had any choice, was only formal."

Mr. Leacock ends by saying of Dickens that "He lived, and died, explaining himself." Had he been able to foresee Mr. Leacock, he would have known that it was useless.

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT.

University of Washington,
Seattle, Wash.

### Neglect of Rilke

SIR:—In his review of M. D. Herter Norton's "Translations from the Poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke," Louis Untermeyer states (*SRL*, Dec. 24) that "Until recently, Rilke's admirers were the fervent few; his distinction threatened to be that of the 'poet's poet'; not a line of his is to be found in Vesper's popular two-volume compilation 'Die Ernte seit Goethe'."

Although Rilke could not be expected to enjoy the popularity of, say, James Whitcomb Riley or of Edgar Guest, he was (and is) certainly read as much as our own best lyric poets.

I do not know what reasons Vesper may have had for excluding Rilke, but by citing only him, Mr. Untermeyer unfortunately gives the impression that Rilke has been generally neglected by the anthologists. Although I have not made a canvass of these, such as I have been able to consult present an entirely different picture. In the following table, H stands for Avenarius, "Hausbuch Deutscher Lyrik," 1929; B for Avenarius, "Balladenbuch," 1929; S for Soergel, "Kristall der Zeit," 1929; R for Rose, "Deutsche Dichter Unsrer Zeit," 1930.

| | Years Covered | Pages in Anthol. | Rilke | Liliencron | Heine | Mörike |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| H | 1200-1929 | 297 | 6 | 3⅓ | 2⅓ | 19½ |
| B | 1650-1929 | 331 | 3 | 12 | 10¾ | 5⅓ |
| S | 1880-1929 | 591 | 19 | 4⅓ | .. | .. |
| R | 1880-1930 | 300 | 6¾ | 6¾ | .. | .. |

WILLIAM F. LUEBKE.

University of Denver.

"I don't like the ending—how does it start?"

### September Gale

SIR:—I wonder whether the following lines, quoted from Clement C. Moore's "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," may be the reflection of experience in the hurricane of 1815:

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky, . . .

I understand that the poem was written in 1822—only seven years after that storm.

At any rate, my little niece understood the comparison this year for the first time.

MARY AUGUSTA CLARK.

Bedford, N. Y.

### Notes from Vermont

SIR:—Louis Paul's "The Wrong World" is as satisfactory a musical, picaresque, and humanistic novel as one could ask for (and the best revelation of the mechanics of a Carnegie Hall début since Robert Simon's "Our Little Girl"), but it strikes a wrong note here and there. Pavlova's partner wasn't "Nordkin"; "Vesta la Giubba" looks somehow wrong to me: isn't it "Vesti"?—and Town Hall wasn't built in 1920: I doubt whether it was even a gleam in the eye of the League for Political Education.

Persistent aficionados of E. Nesbit's stories of magic for children (Coward-McCann) will be interested to know that her biographer, Doris Langley Moore, is coming to America. Edith Nesbit would be eighty this year; perhaps it is superfluous to add that her biographer is far indeed from being her contemporary. Mrs. Moore is the author of eight other books, one which, "The Technique of the Love Affair," was published here (anonymously), by Simon & Schuster.

E. F. WALBRIDGE.

Here-Where-Men-Sit-and-Hear-Each-Other-Groan,
Montgomery, Vt.

### The Dickens Puzzle

SIR:—But why omit Fall—"American Notes"—and Ty—Ty Kong, "Miscellaneous Papers" ("Chinese Junk")? They modestly make their bow in the last two lines:

Dusk falls, the bright stars twinkle, whilst below,
The empty haywains creak less as they go—

JEAN M. MACKINTOSH.

Crawfordsville, Ind.

[*This makes 35. Any other nominations?—Ed.*]

### Beaton

SIR:—Apropos Mr. Bennett A. Cerf's review of "Cecil Beaton's New York"—Bravo!

EDGAR WADELTON.

New York City.

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# The Old Magic

*MODEL MEMOIRS. By Stephen Leacock. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1938. $2.*

Reviewed by DAVID McCORD

WHEN I was creeping through college (nearly half my life ago), I was racing through Leacock. He couldn't turn his books out fast enough for me. And he couldn't turn them out anything like fast enough for Robert Benchley, who published "Of All Things" (his best book, advt.) in 1921. Benchley was the *summa cum laude* pupil or senior wrangler of the Leacock School. Mr. Leacock praised Mr. Benchley publicly, and American humor took a turn for the better. And this was before Sullivantics were invented, or at least perfected. But Mr. Leacock continued to write, and I am afraid that from then on the American public inclined to pay less attention to him. It may have had something to do with the fact that we began to circulate those nasty rumors of his duplicity. You only hear of a Professor of Political Economy when he is something else on the side—say a grave digger. Not enough of them are humorists.

When Mr. Leacock recently gave us "Here Are My Lectures," most of the reviews seemed to indicate that he was through; or at least that he ought to be through. I remember sighing Amen myself. I had heard him lecture when I was an undergraduate, and I still think he was much funnier on the platform than "Here Are My Lectures" suggests. Lectures should be delivered down one coast and up the other and then burned. But if Mr. Leacock was out of matches, he wasn't out of ink; and I hope sincerely that he never will be. "Model Memoirs," at least in part, can stand with the best of "Literary Lapses" and "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy."

But not in the first part; and new customers should avoid the fragrant potboilers, "My Victorian Girlhood," "Through Arabia on a Mule," and perhaps "So This Is the United States"—the last of which contains a reference to "benches among the elm trees" at Harvard. The benches were gone even when I was there, and I am wondering which elms they were among. The chestnut is another fine old tree. But customers new and old should find delight in such pieces as "The Dissolution of Our Dinner Club," "The Familiar Magic of Fishing" (the Old Leacock magic), "On the Need for a Quiet College" (a funny but sensible essay), "Overworking the Alphabet," or "How Much Does Language Change?". I will hold for the old master in these: a sly and lovable wit who has never believed that the oil of truth is too heavy for the wheels of laughter. Nonsense is a fine product in itself, but Leacock is one of the sadly few living humorists who know how to use it as a leaven. Consider the retired economists:

> A first-year girl studying economics is as wide of the mark as an old man studying cosmetics.
>
> The world is becoming too serious today, even to do its serious work properly.
>
> Doctors grow cultivated as they grow older. Engineers get rougher and rougher.
>
> John Stuart Mill thought that political economy was as fixed as Euclid; and now, political economy is a wreck and Euclid is called Einstein.
>
> Men apart from money, men in an army, men on an expedition of exploration, emerge to a new life.

Mr. Leacock's discourse on language is a codicil to A. P. Herbert's "What a

Stephen Leacock: "One of the sadly few living humorists who knows how to use [nonsense] as a leaven." . . .

Word!"; but where Mr. Herbert runs afoul of Fowler, Mr. Leacock pushes on to the Japanese. I think the latter makes the funnier reading; but once again it is the cheerful sight of the professional humorist on crusade: Holmes on table talk, Lowell on the Mexican War, Carroll on "The New Belfry," F. P. A. on dry sweeping, Sullivan on the cliché, or Wolcott Gibbs on *Time*. As a matter of fact, there is considerable crusading in "Model Memoirs" in the mild spirit of "then and now." Mr. Leacock pleads the guilt of age; but to one reader age has hampered him only with the burden of a background, one of the old-fashioned trappings of art which some of his younger contemporaries think they can do without. There is only one mistake in the book. Mr. Leacock speaks of the coming "Chinese conquerors of Europe." Of course he meant to change it to the Japanese. And he doesn't speak of the Canadian conquerors of the United States. One of them is the best-known Emeritus of McGill.

# Surgery—an Art, Craft, and Science

*BODY MENDERS. By James Harpole. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1939. $2.75.*

Reviewed by EDWARD D. CHURCHILL, M.D.

THE English surgeon who conceals his identity under a nom de plume again opens his case-books to the public. From a potpourri of anecdote and medical science the narrator emerges with greater stature than that of a mere body mender. In fact neither the English title, "The White-Coated Army," nor the de Kruifian American headline suitably reflects the substance of the book.

"Medicine is not a science, it's only an art," complained his friend the biochemist. "Surgery isn't even that. It's a craft. Why, the very name surgeon, as you very well know, means a worker with his hands. We do the work. You fellows get all the limelight, the honors, and the money." A month later, however, after the life of the biochemist's wife had been saved by the hands of a man whom he had considered "a narrow fellow, a technician with a mind that never rises above the brim of the pelvis," the biochemist confesses "I can see why you fellows get all the limelight and all the kudos. You touch the deep things of life. We don't."

Mr. Harpole's stories, and each chapter is a short story, are concerned with "the deep things of life" and set down with feeling and skill. The present volume is decidedly more praiseworthy than his "Leaves from a Surgeon's Case-Book," because the center of interest has been shifted from the disease to the patient. The author is no longer lecturing to medical students and using the story of a patient to illustrate a certain point. On the contrary, he presents an intimate account of the illness of the individual patient and only introduces enough medical information to make what is going on understandable to the lay reader. This shift of emphasis appears trivial but has the result of changing the key from a false one to one that is true.

For Mr. Harpole is not a medical scientist, and what is more important, he need not try to pose as one in order to be interesting. His knowledge in this sphere is often inaccurate and his judgments quite prone to be uncritical. It is to be hoped that he will continue to leave such things to his friend the biochemist or to younger surgeons trained in the modern school. He may then entertain us further with glimpses of the rare and understanding relations that he develops with his patients as he mends their bodies with competent hands guided by a sympathetic heart.

*Edward D. Churchill is professor of surgery at Harvard University.*

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*BOOK PREVIEW* *

# Mister Splain and the Chickens

BY DON MARQUIS

Main Street in the nineties: "the country to the north and east of Hazelton is so flat that . . . a person might see for miles and miles" . . .

HAZELTON, ILL., in the eighties and nineties of the last century was . . .

But here is an editorial which appeared in the Hazelton *Weekly Banner* the same summer that Aunt Matilda began to fear that Jack was a liar:

> Our thriving and progressive little city, which now numbers some eleven hundred and twenty-seven active and enterprising souls, proffers exceptional inducements for all those who would wish to have a look about them before going ahead and buying land in this part of the most up-to-date corn-raising county of the finest state ever settled by our sturdy pioneers. We refer, as is a well-known truism, to the state of Illinois. In the last ten years our little city has greatly increased in population. Westward hoa! the coursers of empire take their sway!
>
> There is even talk of three churches instead of two in the future, although many think it would be overdoing it. Many people now living can remember when there was but one. Uncle Jake Ashby, who paid us quite a visit yesterday, leaving with us a sack of new potatoes, can well remember the days when there was no church at all in Hazelton, and no railroad either. Many thanks, Uncle Jake! Call again.
>
> The hog- and cattle-raising industry, which has progressed by leaps and bounds, until now it is quite an industry on the rapidly settled-up farms which surround us round about, on all sides, is an industry that has increased considerably. But while we have earthly and remunerative prosperity in abundance, let us not forget the moral side of life, which all will find amply attended to by the endeavors of the Rev. David Hamlin and the Rev. Alexander Sprague, the two divines of the two religious edifices referred to aforesaid. Let us all pull together to make Hazelton bigger and better yet. A new horse trough at the town pump is sorely needed; City Fathers please take N.B.

Whatever doubts even a sympathetic observer might sometimes have had as to the activity and enterprise of the "souls," there was no question concerning the importance of the cattle, the churches, the hogs, and the corn. The country to the north and east of Hazelton is so flat that from the roof of either one of the "two religious edifices referred to aforesaid" a person might see for miles and miles. And he would see more maize than anything else. In August when the stalks had their full growth but had not yet felt the frost, the village was like a cape thrust into a great, green whispering sea of corn. And when the corn sheller was abroad in the land, and the thousands of cribs were giving up their treasure, the principal street of Hazelton was so jammed with wagons waiting to unload at the grain elevator that barefooted boys who liked the "feel" of the warm grain on their feet could walk from the grain buyer's scales to Miss Matilda Stevens' dressmaking shop, clambering from heaped-up wagon to wagon, without once getting down upon the ground.

A great deal of grain always spilled from the wagons, to the delight of Aunt Matilda's chickens. Aunt Matilda could never make them understand that this corn did not belong to them; that their actions were not honest—that it was just as much *stealing* for them to pick the grain from the street as if they had flown into the wagons for it. They appeared to have no moral perception.

There was a dissolute tinker who lived in a room over the hardware store, which adjoined Aunt Matilda's place, who was also lacking in moral perception—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, in moral continuity. For his perceptions of right and wrong were not so much lacking as was the consistent will to act on these perceptions. He used to angle out of his window for Aunt Matilda's chickens with a fishline, baiting the hook with bits of meat. It was his favorite Sunday morning diversion; but it was not merely diversion. After having caught a chicken and pulled it up to his window, the tinker would kill it, clean it, and cook it, adding insult in injury by casting the feathers down into Aunt Matilda's garden.

And, if he were somewhat alcoholized at the moment, he would sing, as he picked and cleaned the stolen chickens:

*Mister Splain was oncet a robber*
*With Frank and Jesse James.*
*And many a bank and train he robbed—*
*Oh, Mister Splain!*

It was an idiosyncrasy of this tinker that he usually referred to himself as "Mister" Splain. He insisted on being called "Mister," and the entire village humored him. At the rare times when he had occasion to sign his name, he signed "Mister" as if it were a Christian name.

Splain was one of Hazelton's most notorious backsliders. They were forever having revival meetings in Hazelton, at one church or the other, and the reprobate Splain was forever being "converted." His "salvation" never lasted more than a few days, and no one ever expected that it would, least of all Mister Splain himself. He was a sensationalist, and he could no more resist the emotional appeal of a revival meeting than he could the blandishments of a bottle of liquor. It was one of his chief delights, when under the direct influence either of a traveling evangelist or a pint of whisky, to confess to having been a companion of the notorious James outlaws in some of their bloodiest escapades—a confession which nobody believed. He particularly loved to incriminate himself in doggerel verses, improvised and chanted in a cracked and tuneless tenor. He found a deep, deep joy in the contemplation of his own iniquities, or those which he claimed for himself.

It pleased Aunt Matilda to imagine that it was the chickens of the most immoral propensities, the ones which had been the most froward and flagrant in stealing grain, which were caught on the tinker's hook. She impressed this notion on Jack and bade him take note how retribution follows crime.

But the effect of this was to make Jack watch for the *tinker's* punishment. For, certainly, Mister was a thief!

Perhaps, Jack thought, an enormous hook would descend from heaven one day, and dangle just outside the tinker's window, baited with something appetizing. Mister Splain would stick his head out and "bite," and the next instant be

* *This week* The Saturday Review *presents an episode from Don Marquis's last book—a novel called "Sons of the Puritans," to be published by Doubleday, Doran on February 17.*

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whisked off the earth, with agonized gesticulations!

This was a spectacle which Jack greatly desired to witness. He was afraid it might happen when he was not about, and he used to stare at the tinker with a solemn expectancy which puzzled that grimy dog. The tinker's workbench was in the rear part of the hardware shop itself, and several times Jack penetrated that far and stood and stared. The tinker would say to him facetiously: "I don't suppose you could lend Mister a chew of tobacco, could you, Bub?"

"No sir," Jack would answer, "I don't chew tobacco."

"Never learn," the tinker would invariably reply. "It shortens your life. It's shortened Mister Splain's life for him. If Mister Splain had never chewed tobacco he'd be nigh onto a hundred years old today." Then he would solemnly wink, take a plug from his trousers pocket and bite off a prodigious chew. "It was through learnin' to chew tobacco," he would sometimes add, "that Mister Splain and the James boys went from bad to worse, until they finally become outlaws."

Jack thought it possible that when the big hook did descend and dangle in front of the tinker it might be baited with a plug of chewing tobacco.

One day Jack saw the tinker repairing the sloping tin roof of the hardware shop itself. Splain was seated astride the ridge of the roof, when something happened. He slipped and lost his balance, perhaps, and rolled down on the other side. One long branch of a great maple tree which grew in his aunt's yard had partially obscured Mister Splain from Jack's vision, and it may be that the wind blew the leaf-laden branch against Mister Splain, and that he reared back his head with a jerk just before he fell off the roof.

Anyhow, the effect was startling to Jack. He had been gazing at the tinker, and the tinker was there—was there and chanting:

*'Twas many a bank and train he robbed—*
*Oh, Mister Splain!*

And, a blink of the eyes, and the tinker was gone! In the spot where Mister Splain had been, gaily warbling of his crimes, there was nothing whatever. Jack continued to gaze, minute after minute, with his own mouth open, but Mister Splain did not reappear. The thing that he had been expecting for so long, the child concluded, had finally happened; it had happened so quickly that his eyes could not follow it. And his expectancy and his imagination got together in his mind; within two minutes Jack actually believed he had seen a hook descend from the sky, had seen the tinker "bite" and disappear. He remembered, now, all his former inward mental visions of this hook descending, and the tinker "biting"; he put this repeated mental vision in the place of what he had really seen, and put it there honestly. He really thought he *had* seen it with his physical eyes.

Still, he might never have said anything about it had he not met the tinker on the village street the next day.

"I thought," said Jack, going to the heart of the problem directly, as was his way, "I thought you *bit* yesterday!"

"Huh?" said the tinker, wondering. "Bit?"

"I seen a big hook come down out of the sky, and you bit on it, and they pulled you up," said Jack.

"Oh, you seen that, did you?" said the tinker, taking off his cap and scratching his head, while he stared at Jack no less interestedly than Jack was staring at him.

"Uh-huh," said Jack.

"*When* did you say you seen it?" said Mister Splain, his brow contracted with mental effort.

"Yesterday," said Jack.

There was silence for a few seconds, and then the tinker murmured to himself:

"So *that's* what happened to Mister Splain yesterday, is it?" And then, to Jack: "Where *was* Mister Splain when it happened?"

"On the roof, fixing it," said Jack. "And how did you get back here again?"

"I don't s'pose," said the tinker, following his own line of conjecture and still staring solemnly at Jack, "that neither one of us two could have had too much to drink yesterday, huh?"

"No sir," said Jack, speaking for himself; "all I had was two glasses of milk for my dinner."

"Well," said the tinker, "that lets *you* out, so if you say you seen that, I guess you really seen it. But Mister Splain, the old outlaw, *he* had more 'n milk to drink yesterday, he did."

He paused and devoted some moments to painful thought; and when he proceeded, it was in the first person: "I remember bein' on that roof, and then I remember pickin' myself off'n the ground, kind o' lame, but I don't remember nothin' in between, and there must 'a' been an hour or so in between. You tell me again what happened, Bub."

Jack told him again.

"What Mister Splain can't get into his head," said the tinker, again scratching that part of himself vigorously as if to stimulate thought, "is *where* that hook would come from! Or why Mister Splain would *bite* on it. Bub, could *you* make out why Mister Splain was bitin' on that hook?"

Jack then told him about his aunt's prophecy of retribution for the thieving chickens, and of his own notions, and how he had been expecting the tinker to "bite" for some time. Gradually a light broke on the tinker. He understood. He was of precisely the temperament to understand. And being a solemnly facetious reprobate, he carried the thing along.

Don Marquis: drawing by Joseph Cummings Chase

"How did you get back here again?" Jack persisted.

"Bub," said the tinker, "the old outlaw squirmed loose from that there hook and dropped! He dropped so fur and he dropped so hard that he lamed himself!"

To prove that he was lame indeed, he limped a little up and down the street.

"How high did you go?" asked Jack.

Mister Splain looked up the street and down the street. They were unobserved. He beckoned Jack into the doorway of the hardware shop and bent over and whispered to him, mysteriously and dramatically:

"Cherubs, Bub, cherubs!"

"Did you see 'em?"

"Mister Splain *hearn* 'em!" said the tinker somewhat evasively. "He hearn 'em singin'."

"What were they singin'?" asked Jack, not doubting, and, as usual, avid for details.

"Well," said Mister Splain, "they were singin' what you often must 'a' heard *me* singin'." And he piped up in his whisky-rusted tenor:

*Mister Splain was oncet a robber,*
*With Frank and Jesse James.*
*And many a bank and train he robbed—*
*Oh, Mister Splain!*

It seemed to Jack a strange thing for the cherubs to be singing; but then the whole occurrence was strange, and it might well have been the cherubs' way of rebuking Mister Splain.

"Don't you never tell, now," advised Mister Splain, wiser in the ways of the world than Jack, "for if you do, you ain't going to be believed, any more than Elisha was believed when he said he seen them she-bears going up in fiery chariots in the Bible. But any time you see me and say, 'Cherubs, Mister Splain!' or I see you and say, 'Cherubs, Bub!' we'll know what each other is getting at! Huh?"

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# The Marrying Kind

*GOING THEIR OWN WAYS. By Alec Waugh. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.* 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

ALEC WAUGH'S latest novel is about marriage, very much about marriage. It invites us to inspect, in more or less detail, as many as five marital relationships, and it exhibits the inception of a sixth. The Fanes were the marrying kind, and they appear to have done about as well and about as badly in their common enterprise as the majority of their contemporaries in their own class.

John Fane, paterfamilias and London publisher, whose first marriage ended in divorce in 1930, seems to have found at least physical rest and refreshment in a second legal union with his once adulterous Mabel. I say "seems," because Mr. Waugh's interest in this character quickly dwindles. Fane's daughters and son fare variously. Barbara, the actress, financially outstrips the husband who adores her and whom she adores, only to learn that the art of living on one's wife's earned income is not among the subjects taught in England's public schools. Of Muriel's marriage we hear little, save that she raised children while her husband raised hops, and that the hops market was ruinous after '29. Basil Fane, the young publisher with vaguely progressive ideas, marries a pretty young thing who is transformed with inexplicable speed into a shrew, and thereafter, just as inexplicably, into a polished and gracious woman of the world who knows how to play the game of modern marriage—compromise marriage—with good taste and even elegance. Basil, perforce, has learned with her. As the story ends, Joyce, the baby of the Fanes, has just given her all to a pushing young Australian, and is facing the world with the light of holy wedlock already shining in her eyes.

**Alec Waugh "invites us to inspect, in more or less detail, as many as five marital relationships" . . .**

Mr. Waugh describes these several relationships, and reflects upon them. His descriptions are strangely unaffecting because he has failed to breathe life into the plot-counters that he moves around in lieu of characters—he comes closest to success with Barbara and Hugh—and his reflections are entirely commonplace. The gist of it all, if there is a gist, is that, even if the odds are a million to one against "love" proving to be "the real thing," marriage is the only answer to the problem of two persons who believe they are in love.

The man who wrote "The Loom of Youth" in his teens now writes with a practised but uncreative and unpersuasive hand. We follow the moves of his characters as we do the fall of cards in a friendly game, with a mild curiosity as to what will come next, but with no deep involvement of thought or feeling. Biography assures us that Mr. Waugh is familiar with the literary-theatrical scene of much of his action, but his familiarity has not flowered in re-creation. People and scene alike seem to have been taken out of stock, to have been warmed-over and written-over at several fictional removes from reality. The literary fare provided by "Going Their Own Ways" would not sustain one long on an ocean voyage, but the book should answer the ordinary reader's requirements for a short train journey.

# To Mary

BY PAUL ENGLE

THINKING of you is natural now as breathing,
You move with the wind's walking everywhere.
I fill my lungs with you and feel you wreathing
My face in that loved element the air:
Even as you its life is all in touch,
Handlike wanting but to be aware
Of all a woman or a wind can clutch.
I watch a blown leaf bend. I see you there.

My eyes hunger for their far taste of you.
I have not learned the patience of the year,
Waiting a season till the change is due.
I know the earth is warm where your foot stands,
I know that good is but to have you here
And all our human truth the touch of hands.

## Broadcasting Books

(*Continued from page 4*)

William Maxwell's "They Came Like Swallows." Some of these adaptations were compressed within a period of a half hour, but the majority were given a full hour's production. Of them all, Hilton's works, James's dramatic biography of Old Hickory, and Guedalla's historical parade proved the most popular with the listeners, judging from the fan mail—the only criterion available—received by the broadcasters.

The Federal Theatre Project of the Works Progress Administration has been alert to the usefulness of radio. Part of its work has been the adaptation of short stories over the Mutual network. Beginning last March and continuing until September, it presented a series of twenty-six programs under the general heading of "Their Greatest Stories." Though the list was chiefly and, perhaps, commendably confined to American writers—we note such names as James Farrell, Manuel Komroff, Richard Connell, James Thurber, Jerome Beatty, Robert Buckner—exceptions were made occasionally to permit presentations of vivid tales by Galsworthy, Stacy Aumonier, and others. There is also a vast amount of serial drama and fiction on the air, some of it making an appeal to intelligence and imagination, but the larger proportion of it carrying tedious make-believe, under sponsored auspices, continuing from day to day or from week to week.

Strangely, the radio men have not paid much attention to the rich field of the one-act play or, with the exception of WPA's adaptations, to that of the short story. The reading of poetry—even dramatic poetry—also has attained to date only meager representation upon the airwaves. Network schedules show at present two brief periods devoted to recitals of verse. Only sporadically have the broadcasters taken advantage of the many eloquent and experienced voices at their command to bring to interested listeners first class presentations of the world's great poetry. The most notable poetry-reading programs yet to reach the microphone were those which Margaret Anglin offered a few years back on WOR.

The broadcasters, meanwhile, resolutely keep pegging away at their task of entertaining enlightenment. The Univer-

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sity of Chicago hopefully conducts on NBC a Sunday "round-table" of comment upon current affairs with faculty members and guest speakers taking part. To compete for the ears of this comparatively small, but relatively attentive, audience, CBS offers late in the day a program called "The People's Platform," consisting of an informal "dinner-table" discussion of questions of the day.

Visiting celebrities from abroad are led, not unwillingly, to American microphones to talk of themselves, their work, their country's culture in general and America's in particular. When no visitors are available, short wave radio seeks them out at home. Few writers of national or international renown have to date eluded the broadcasters. (Or, for that matter, few leaders of industry, of finance, of science.) The columnists who pontificate daily in the press nightly lift their solemn voices to the heavens. Time is also found at the microphone for prominent names and personalities in various walks of life, from Dr. Dafoe to Dr. Heiser, from Emily Post to Frances Perkins; for innumerable organizations, from the Camp Fire Girls to the American Mission to Lepers, from the Florists' Telegram Delivery Association to the National Association of Wall Paper Manufacturers. Indeed, every major activity in America save the cultivation of the strip-tease has its place, apparently, on the radio.

In the last national conference on educational broadcasting, the proceedings of which have been compiled in a book of some 380 pages, under the title of "Educational Broadcasting, 1937," edited by C. S. Marsh, an exhaustive appraisal was made of radio's public service. The major attention of the nearly five hundred delegates present was given to determining the problem of the "wise use of the radio." In a year marked by international turmoil and the strict censorship of radio in foreign countries, American radio, despite the insufficiency of culturally valuable programs, has maintained its democratic tradition, its accessibility to all points of view, its comprehensive, though often confusing, attempt to be something to all classes and conditions of men and mentalities.

It is now taken for granted that radio has vastly improved the public taste in music. The recent war scare in Europe provided eloquent testimony that the broadcasters are becoming more alert to their responsibilities of intelligent direction of the greatest medium of communication the world has ever known. It is still a question, however, whether radio is providing a balanced picture of American life, whether the emphasis given to a good show is not overshadowing the function of expressing our complex civilization, of projecting the imaginative force, the social consciousness of our times as reflected in our better edited newspapers and magazines.

Though broadcasting has passed its eighteenth birthday, it strangely has yet to appeal to the more public-spirited citizens as a medium of artistic and educational expression. Huge sums are set aside as permanent endowments in a search for and establishment of "basic economic truths." But the microphone, which offers vastly wider opportunities to advance the standards of culture than the endowment of chairs and professorships in the universities, remains neglected.

Sixty-five per cent of network programs, according to the statisticians at Radio City, are sustaining (presented and supported by the broadcasters themselves). John Royal, program head of NBC, has testified that his company spends $5,000,000 annually on its sustaining periods. It is in these features that the radio rajahs are most free, most idealistic, in working out their entertainment problems; in which, while serving the essential purpose of public service, they generally strive for a high average of intelligent and varied diversion and information. Yet a large part of the more cultured public protests loudly and frequently at what it claims is a lack of worthy programs, yet with an indifference which is the bane of the studios, it disregards or overlooks many of the most earnest efforts of the broadcasters.

The broadcasters have met with some opposition upon the campus. There are educators, who, like some newspaper publishers, fear radio as a competitor which would deprive them of their position and power in the scheme of civilization, if not of their actual livelihood. The only cultural radio programs to have any widespread popularity in the classroom are Walter Damrosch's course in music appreciation, now in its eleventh year on NBC, which is said to be a definite part of the curriculum in 70,000 schools, representing some 7,000,000 listeners; and Columbia's "School of the Air," which, nearing the end of its eighth year, is broadcast five times a week to an estimated actual audience of 1,750,000 school children and teachers and a potential audience, in and out of the schoolroom, of some 14,500,000 listeners.

Producers have not been dismayed in seeking closer coöperation with the halls of learning. America's Town Meeting of the Air has probably done more in the last few years to dramatize education through its debates on the hot topics of the day, accompanied by sharp and vivid heckling by interested spectators, than any other program that has yet reached the microphone. There is no evidence, however, that college students in general have been attentive listeners. The fault seems to lie in a lack of effective public relations between the broadcasters and the heads of the colleges.

The radio men are soliciting the help of educators in the development of the right technique in using radio for educational purposes. NBC's script department head, Lewis H. Titterton, lectured for several weeks last summer at New York University to classes of students majoring in drama as well as those preparing theses for masters' degrees and the heads of drama departments of various schools and colleges. Supplementing this work, Blevins Davis, who is supervising NBC's weekly series of Great Plays—tracing the development of the theater from Greece to Broadway—made an intensive tour of schools and colleges, and was given assurance of support by drama departments.

There is no accurate gauge at present of the public response to the broadcasters' educational and cultural activities. Except for those specialized efforts directed primarily to students in school and college and the organization of listening groups as for the opera and Town Meeting broadcasts, the studios depend solely upon fan mail to determine the appeal of their sustaining programs. The popularity of commercial programs, on the other hand, is more easily judged. The Coöperative Analysis of Broadcasting, familiar to radio as the "Crossley Report," makes known to its subscribers in the advertising world the public reaction, by means of telephone surveys, to all sponsored programs. The most conspicuous commercial programs at present which can be classified as educational, in the sense that they are informative, are those of the quiz variety. These question-and-answer programs, now something of a broadcasting fad, have a fairly high Crossley rating.

The radio men are said to be content with the success of an unsponsored program if they receive 1,000 letters a week from listeners. It is a hit-or-miss procedure at best. It could be, were the broadcasters other than adventurous optimists, a disheartening procedure, for they have long been aware that people customarily do not write letters to studios save in a mood of high enthusiasm or of stern protest.

Symphony and swing, politics and hog-feeding, comedy and propaganda, dictators and democrats, news and Tin Pan Alley, sport and religion, Shakespeare and Broadway, science and ballyhoo—jumble them together and you have radio. Judicious balance may be missing; the superficial, the obvious, the banal may be too evident. But beneath the vast activity, the titanic, eternal projection of sound and fury into the empyrean, small but potent thoughts are somewhere finding refuge, beauty and truth are reaching out to the inquisitive. Radio, pushing its clumsy but forceful way, is giving us closer kinship with mankind and its greatness and glory past and present.

*Louis Reid, on the staff of Cosmopolitan Productions, wrote the chapter "Amusement: Radio and Movies" in the symposium, "America Now," edited by Harold Stearns.*

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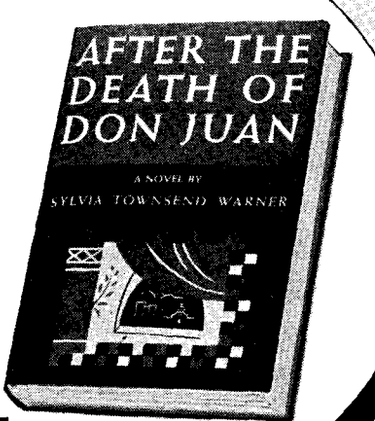


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# Cultural Conflicts of China and Japan

*THE REAL CONFLICT BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN. By Harley Farnsworth MacNair. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.* 1938. $2.

Reviewed by T. A. Bisson

THE following sentence occurs toward the end of this interesting study of Chinese and Japanese ideologies: "Physical factors such as population pressure, raw materials, and development of mechanical and industrial revolutions, while of perennial importance, must not blind the observer to the basic significance of the nonphysical aspects of the situation." Reactions to this statement will differ. Perhaps only a few will concede that the "real conflict" between China and Japan lies in the realm of their contrasting psychological attitudes and backgrounds. Whatever the decision in this regard, it should not be allowed to stand in the way of a reading of Professor MacNair's book. He has documented a fascinating subject—much of his work consists of quotations, not easily accessible for the most part, drawn from a variety of first-hand Chinese and Japanese sources in all historical periods. If the reader chooses to differ from the author, he is at liberty to impose his own interpretations.

Even while admitting the aptness and catholicity of the quotations, there is wide latitude for discussion and dispute. Professor MacNair's strictures with regard to the Chinese tend to ignore some of the more recent phenomena of China's political life. At one point he asserts that, in recent times, despite Chiang Kai-shek's valiant attempts and "despite the formation of the United Front of the Nanking-Kuomintang and the Chinese Communist armies in 1937-38, no effective national army—to the exclusion of local armies under provincial war lords—has ever been formed." Granted that provincial troops under their own provincial leaders are participating in the current struggle against Japan's invasion, is not the fact that these forces are operating on a unified program and subject to a centralized command a significant point which properly deserves emphasis? It is a new thing in this century, and may well be a prelude to an "effective national army." Are "dissension, disloyalty, and decentralization" typical of China's historical past? What, then, should be said of China's great conquering and unifying dynasties—the Ch'in, the Han, and the T'ang? Environmental conditions seem to have overcome this supposed radical tendency toward disunity, and to have emphasized unity, for long periods in the past; if this is so, may it not well be true again in the future?

Space prevents a discussion of the author's analysis of the components of Japan's ideology; they are illustrated by a wealth of important material. Professor MacNair concludes as follows: "Nor are the leaders of China likely to forget the declaration of the Nipponese foreign minister, Koki Hirota, addressed to the Diet, and to the world, on March 22, 1938, that 'the Chinese must be made to realize that they are inferior to the Japanese in culture and arms and must follow in the footsteps of the Japanese. . . . In order to stabilize the Far East it is essential to heighten the awareness of Japanese culture.' A heightening of the awareness which Hachiman's agents cultivate by the use of the bomb, the bullet, the sword, narcotics, fire—and rape."

*T. A. Bisson is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.*

# The "Best" Poems

*THE BEST POEMS OF 1938. Selected by Thomas Moult. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.* 1938. $2.

Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

THIS is the seventeenth annual selection of what Thomas Moult, a minor English poet who figured in one issue of *Georgian Poetry*, considers the best verse of the year. To understand the editor's taste as well as his method, the reader is recommended to the first sentence of the introduction: "To understand the position of poetry as this issue is published we must go back to the time, not so very long ago, when the tribal bard sang his songs of love and hate to a group of listeners and inspired them to do daring deeds."

Thus, by more than implication, the reader is prepared for a more than usually active poetry, for verse which vividly reflects the temper of the times, for words which, as Robert Frost put it, have become deeds. The reader will be cumulatively, comprehensively, disappointed. There is no daring in this volume. If there is an occasional clarion call it is uttered through an effectively muted trumpet. The music, consistent with the preceding volumes in this series, is all for thin flutes, sweet violins, and well restrained woodwinds. "Obscurity" is Mr. Moult's black beast; his introductory two pages protest volubly, if not too plausibly, against the poet who is out of touch with the market-place.

The reader now knows what to expect: a compilation of well-oiled competence, "priceless treasures," and pretty mediocrity. With the exception of three pages, novelty is taboo, experiment never raises its ugly head. There is not a line here by such vigorous post-war poets as W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, Louis MacNeice; on the other hand there are no poems by such distinguished if more orthodox English contemporaries as James Stephens, John Masefield, and William Butler Yeats. The American contingent is represented by a host of facile versifiers, but not one page is devoted to any of the recent poems by Robert Frost, Archibald MacLeish, Carl Sandburg, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Louise Bogan, Mark Van Doren, Merrill Moore, Muriel Rukeyser, and Kenneth Fearing. The only new names that carry the proverbial promise are Edward Ames Richards ("Poems on the War"), Eleanor A. Chaffee ("Old Man"), Willard Maas ("Transcontinental"), Frederic Prokosch ("Song"), and Louise McNeill ("Midnight Song").

# England's New Deal in the Pre-War Era

*ECONOMIC HISTORY OF MODERN BRITAIN. Vol. III. By J. N. Clapham. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1938. $7.

Reviewed by Raymond J. Sontag

IF you are beginning to suspect that your love, or hatred, of the New Deal has become too exclusively emotional, regain your sanity by studying England's New Deal of a generation ago in this concluding volume of Professor Clapham's masterly work. A word of warning is needed. This is not a book to be skimmed in an evening. It contains the knowledge and wisdom of a lifetime, and it requires study if its value is to be appreciated.

Pre-war England had its C.I.O. In 1895, the skilled craft workers still dominated British trade unionism. By 1913 the numbers of men in unions had doubled, partly because of "the Socialist-inspired propaganda of the new, the fighting, unionism of Tom Mann, John Burns, Ben Tillett." By then, the formerly dominant craft unions had been swamped by the hordes of transport workers and general laborers. Britain also had combinations of employers. "They put pressure on one another to come in or to stand fast, not by picketing or outward violence, but quietly over dinner-tables and in hotels, as employers can." There were strikes, but the wonder is that so few heads were broken, or so little working time lost. In the end, unionism prevailed, and craft and industrial workers held together. Are these results explained by the "animated moderation" which Bagehot thought the secret of all British success, by that "eminently British spirit of nonlogical compromise" praised by Acworth, or were there human and institutional elements which we may imitate with profit?

In pre-war England, as in America today, the state was steadily growing in power. Omitting police, there were in 1911 twice as many servants of the central government, and considerably more than twice as many servants of local governments, as there had been in 1891. Budgets soared, to the alarm of cautious men. As early as 1895, the *Economist* complained that "little by little, and year by year, the fabric of State expenditure and State responsibility is built up like a coral island, cell by cell." Social security, wages and hours, securities and exchanges—all were subjects of legislation. There was even a housing act: "its results were negligible." That sounds very familiar.

The parallels can be found in every part of social and economic life. There were monopolies and coöperatives, fanatical reformers and a British Medical Association which "required long and dextrous handling." There may or may not be differences in the position of Britain in the world then, and America today. Economically, England was no longer young. "There was a rigidity in starting and a stiffness in working. . . . Risk and adventure have lost something of their charm." Again, the rulers of

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England "lived and worked on two planes —the public plane of social reform and the hidden plane of possible war." Are these contrasts, or parallels?

If in the reading, this story of England's maturity comes to have interest for its own sake, turn back to the earlier volumes, and relive the youth of industrial England. At the end, it will be evident that the history of British economic life since the eighteenth century has at last been told in a manner worthy of the greatness of the subject.

*Raymond J. Sontag is in the department of history of Princeton University.*

## No More Frontier?

*OUR PROMISED LAND. By Richard L. Neuberger. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1938. $3.

Reviewed by MARGARET WALLACE

WHILE other journalists lament our vanished American frontier, Richard Neuberger has been engaged in observing it. What, says Mr. Neuberger, no more frontier? What else would you call an empty land, approximately twice the size of France, whose natural resources are still virtually untapped? Visitors to the thriving cities of Portland and Seattle may wonder at the adjective empty—but Mr. Neuberger has marshaled his figures. He has the reporter's aptitude for putting his ideas into concrete images.

Massachusetts has 528 people to the square mile. There are only five people to the square mile in Idaho. There are men in the great Cascade forests who never have seen a trolley car. A girl from the uplands of Utah who won a national slogan contest has just had her first glimpse of a two-story building. In this wilderness dwell cowpunchers, sheepherders, lumberjacks, mountaineers, ranchers. "I have heard these men talking about remote valleys no one has ever explored and secluded ranges no one has ever penetrated. . . . It is a frontier, and some day the country will spill the surplus population over into it."

One imagines the taxpayers of the region, who have found their relief rolls jammed with refugees from the Dust Bowl, may look upon this prospect without enthusiasm. But what, Mr. Neuberger would say, of the Grand Coulee Dam? This tremendous hydroelectric project already has cost the nation more than the Panama Canal, and dwarfs it as an engineering feat. On its result, he believes, depends not only the entire power program of the New Deal (if Bonneville kilowatt-hours hum merrily over the transmission lines, Passamaquoddy may be revived) but a vast westward shift of population.

While he is frankly a reporter, and his discussion is sometimes thin or repetitious, as news hot off the griddle is bound to be—there is no denying that Richard Neuberger is a good reporter. He is completely alive to the color of his story. Here is the Pacific Northwest as the potential treasure house of the nation, or as the basis of our future operations in the Pacific.


# UNFORGOTTEN YEARS

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**Katherine Woods in the New York Times Book Review**

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**William N. C. Carlton in the New York Herald Tribune "Books"**

"MOST OF ALL the reader will enjoy, I think the savor and quality of the writing itself, and the temperament and realms of feeling which the book conveys . . . This gallery of portraits and of memories is beautifully given us by a writer who contagiously loves and exhibits the art of writing."

**Irwin Edman in the Saturday Review of Literature**

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# The Listener's Library

*MUSIC ON RECORDS. By B. H. Haggin. New York: Oxford University Press.* 1938. $1.25.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

IT is high time that recorded music received its due share of critical attention. The technical improvements in reproduction (there is simply no comparison between the machines and the discs of ten years ago and of today) and the wealth of music now available on records makes the criticism of recorded performances as important and essential as that of books and plays.

Up to the present, criticism has not kept pace with output. "Reviews" of records are largely the blurbs of the company catalogues, or the hack jottings of hasty newspapermen. Mr. Haggin is one of the few to treat recorded music with the same seriousness and learning that he might devote and has at various times devoted to music itself or to actual performances. His book is an invaluable and utterly scrupulous guide to the formation of a recorded library, and will be as helpful to the veteran as to the recent collector. Guide is a misleading word, for it suggests dullness. Mr. Haggin is never dull. The writing in this little volume is a singular fusion of exactness and vivacity. Every phrase is weighed, and every phrase tells. The book is very informative not only about records and performances, but about the music recorded and performed.

In indicating what he believes to be the best elements for the formation of a small library, Mr. Haggin gives a brilliant summary review of the great and the allegedly great composers, mincing no words about dubious claims to greatness and paying little conventional deference to clichés, low-brow or high-brow, about famous names. He does not bow to sententiousness about Sibelius, or to snobbishness about Tchaikovsky. One may not always agree with his judgments, and he himself urges the reader to "believe [his] ears." What is important is that Mr. Haggin's remarks are aids to developing the capacity for listening honestly and accurately, and helps in finding the audible joy in good music.

On Mozart, Schubert, and Beethoven, after all the mountains of books about them, his comments are informing, contagious, and eloquent. They are so on nearly everything, and even his impatiences are eloquent. One may hear in Sibelius and Ravel more than he does, and less in Tchaikovsky, but one feels throughout the learning, directness, and authoritative love of music in his analysis; and no one could go wrong in heeding his judgments as to specific recordings. One can save money and develop a connoisseur's library by following him. The book contains an excellent record bibliography for a small, balanced collection and sensible advice as to needles and the care of records. Mr. Haggin has a most illuminating brief exposition and guide to "swing" music, which he finds among the most original of American contributions to musical art. If any writing could have converted me I am sure his pages on "swing" music would have done so and perhaps when I follow his recommendations I shall have become converted.

Two other things should be noted. Mr. Haggin has an economy of writing that is sheer delight in itself, and when his indignations are aroused, as they are by any fake or bombast in music or performance, he can be devastating with brilliance, a brilliance that is the flame of real anger, not the patina of rhetoric. Consult, for example, his remarks on Stokowski's attempts to recompose "Boris Godunov."

Every record collector, especially if he likes good writing as well as good music, will have to read this book.

*The 20th of the Month*

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## Errata

Two unfortunate and unaccountable errors appeared in Ben Ray Redman's article, "Pictures and Censorship," in our issue of December 31. On page 3, the sentence which reads "Unofficially, it stands between the procedure and the foreign countries that concernedly scan the character of Hollywood's product", should have read "Unofficially, it stands between the producers and the foreign countries. . . ." On page 4, the sentence which reads "If these individuals happen to understand and like one censor, they are sure to arrive at results more satisfactory to all concerned than if they are not so friendly and so mutually understanding," should have read "If these individuals happen to understand and like one another, they are sure to arrive at results. . . ."

# Staples of Success

*READING THE PRICE TAGS OF LIFE. By M. K. Wisehart. New York: Blue Ribbon Books, Inc.* 1938. $1.94.

Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

CAN one by taking thought add a cubit to his stature? The Bible says no, but Walter Pitkin and Dale Carnegie say yes, and furnish recipes for the process. Now comes M. K. Wisehart with "Reading the Price Tags of Life," another inspiration book in the same genre, but with perhaps a more explicit formula for emerging head and shoulders above the crowd.

Briefly, the method is self-examination by means of thirty searching questions grouped under ten heads: self-confidence, tact, initiative, etc., the staple copy-book virtues. Having pointed out to yourself by use of this table the weak traits in your character, you proceed to eliminate them. There is more to it than this, more auto-examinations, specific advice, and detailed instructions for self-discipline, the whole illuminated with anecdotes and case histories, some of them readable and informing, the thumbnail sketches of Edwin Markham and Rex Brasher, for instance, notable in a work where many of the exemplars are dollar successes.

I confess to being a bit skeptical of the impartiality of a self-examination. Dr. Johnson implicitly believed himself to be a polite man. I tried Mr. Wisehart's thirty questions on myself and ran up a high score, but when my wife answered them for me, she reduced my standing more than one half. However, the author suggests doing that very thing, but with a wise friend, not one's wife. The average of the two appraisals ought to be somewhere near the truth.

How much do such books accomplish? There is no doubt they are popular, bought, and presumably read. The case histories with which they are stuffed like a pudding with plums may account for that, but if the millions who buy them take them seriously, and practise their precepts, there should be by now considerable evidence of result. The heads and shoulders of the disciples of Dorothea Brande, Vash Young, Dale Carnegie, Walter Pitkin, and a few others should begin to show above the horizon. So much overhauling of character, and jettisoning of sloth, inertia, diffidence, complacency, and the other deadly sins against success, such wholesale increase in stature, ought to lift thousands above the common level.

True, the idea is sound, even though hackneyed. It has had eminent disciples. Franklin, much in the public prints just now, laid out and analyzed his life and lined up his objectives by just such tables of questions. He was not only successful; he wrote one of the earliest success books. Arnold Bennett was an almost perfect example of this kind of mental bookkeeping. "Reading the Price Tags of Life" is stimulating, plausible, and entertaining, and undoubtedly as useful as any of its class. Any young man or woman able to live up to this program will undoubtedly reach a dazzling pinnacle of success. But how many are able?

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# The New Books

## Fiction

*DREAMS OF YOUTH. By Philip Freund. Pilgrim House.* 1938. $2.

In reviewing Mr. Freund's last novel we suggested that he showed little interest in his characters and could expect no more from us. It is embarrassing to have to hold to that now, despite the fact that "Dreams of Youth" deals very thoughtfully with some of the ideas that engross us most these days, and with some characters who by their very nature arouse our expectations. Chief among these is a French novelist who seems to suggest one very prominently in the news. Charles Salabes is the most complete characterization in the book, a writer who has fought for his ideas in China and Spain, a man weary, disillusioned, stubborn in allegiance to a dream that excites him no longer. We may argue that the portrait is wearier by five shades than its original, to which Mr. Freund could well reply that he was not thinking of this original. But Salabes does have a solid existence, which cannot be said of the group of young people who surround him. They are originally of Cornell, where Salabes has come to lecture, and later we follow them through some of their post-graduate years. They illustrate a wide divergence of ideas and types, and that in sum is their whole substance. These youngsters, speaking, moving, and gesturing, are too much like actors reading lines written for them, not enough like anybody you are likely to meet at any college or around any cocktail table. Mr. Freund's interest in ideas is unquestionable, as is also his capacity to wind them into smooth, often subtle, dialogue. Less certain is his feeling for people as such, as complex, fleshly, unpredictable, unclassifiable individuals. Our own feeling is that the ideas in a novel are only as alive as the people who give them utterance.

N. L. R.

*THE SWORD OF ISLAM. By Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin.* 1939. $2.50.

A tale revolving around sixteenth-century Genoa and her great captain of the seas, Andrea Doria, with the duel of Charles V and Francis I looming in the background, and in the foreground Turkish corsairs, the feuds of families, war, plague, adventure, love. The sea-fights are magnificently done, the action is continuous and takes place against a shifting tapestry of riotous Renaissance color, applied with much skill and a marvelous accuracy in detail.

It is not the sort of book usually considered literature in the age in which it is perhaps our misfortune to live, any more than the paintings of Meissonier are considered art. With a little more skill in dialogue, a little less simplicity in

(*Continued on next page*)

# The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| FATAL DESCENT<br>*John Rhode and Carter Dickson*<br>(Dodd, Mead: $2.) | London publisher shot in automatic elevator. Dr. Horatio Glass and Insp. Hornbeam pool wits—and humor—to spot killer. | Neat variation of good old "hermetically sealed room" problem, with two authors—and their sleuths—working beautifully in harness. | Top drawer |
| MUM'S THE WORD FOR MURDER<br>*Asa Baker*<br>(Stokes: $2.) | Triple killer advertises time of murders in El Paso paper antagonistic to law-enforcer Jerry Burke, who has tough time. | Unusual, if not too convincing, basic idea, copious action, peppery dialogue, and solution that may make reader shake head. | Could be better |
| THE CASE OF THE ADVERTISED MURDER<br>*Minna Bardon*<br>(Hillman-Curl: $2.) | Department store, on eve of big sale, scene of several slayings, all solved by sentimental sleuth Hank Bemis. | Begins well, but successive murders and revelations of intrigues reduce interest in not unexpected solution. | Fair |
| A ROPE FOR THE HANGING<br>*Nigel Morland*<br>(Farrar and Rinehart: $2.) | Death of obscure London factory hand plunges dauntless Mrs. Pym of the Yard into murderous messes of all sorts. | Villain in plain sight from beginning. Interest hinges on Mrs. Pym's bellicosity, which concludes with four-alarm gang battle. | Pymento |
| MRS. WARRENDER'S PROFESSION<br>G. D. H. *and Margaret Cole*<br>(Macmillan: $2.) | Mother of obtuse and over-rated private detective quietly supplies solutions for several crimes in London and European points. | Smoothly written and expertly constructed short pieces, mainly involving poisons, and slightly on tiresome side. | Bituminous |


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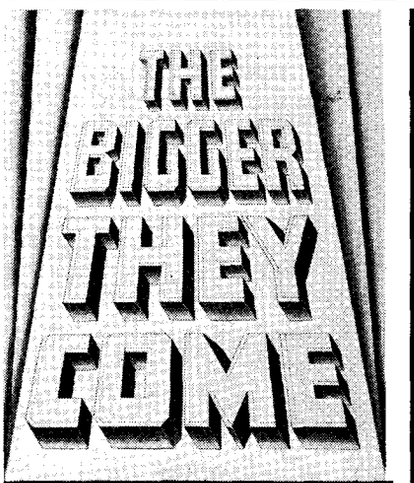


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## The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

characterization, it would be good Dumas; with a few more long-winded descriptions and a little less action, it would be excellent Scott. An adventure story, in short, out of the last century, when heroes were virtuous and honorable under all circumstances and "the troubles of our proud and angry dust" caused by misunderstandings which can be explained away in the last chapter. But of its kind excellent, not worse than the rest of Sabatini and better than much.

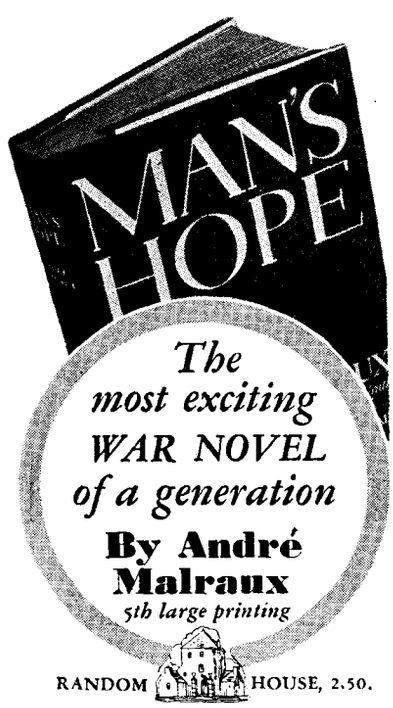
F. P.

*THE HIGH ROAD. By Faith Baldwin. Farrar and Rinehart.* 1938. $2.

Faith Baldwin writes with an ease which is not mechanical because it suggests the pleasure of using well-trained muscles. Her stories flow behind her, a smooth even ribbon, woven of charming people and charming things, with just enough of the dark side of life to give character to the pattern. If what she writes is neither very important or very durable, nevertheless one feels respect and gratitude toward her for never being dull or heavy-footed, and never failing to give pleasure.

Her present novel is the story of Jill, whose red hair and green eyes and pert nose are probably among Katharine Hepburn's minor contributions to our civilization. Jill is rebuked by Dan, the earnest hero, for drifting from job to job without ever trying to find a direction for herself. Though Dan's principle is doubtless a sound one, still Jill, like her creator, is a source of so much delight as she wanders casual and circuitous paths that few would wish to have either seriously attempt the High Road.

K. S.

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## International

*FOREIGN POLICY IN THE MAKING. The Search for a New Balance of Power. By Carl Joachim Friedrich. Norton.* 1938. $3.

The puzzled statesman or citizen, endeavoring to adjust his opinions on foreign policy, can ask for no more timely assistance than this analysis of power politics by Professor Friedrich, of the Government Department at Harvard University. The democratic system, which the author discussed in his earlier "Constitutional Government and Politics," is here related to the whole problem of international relations. Professor Friedrich employs two different approaches to his subject: an analysis of the principles involved in the conduct of foreign policy, and a description of the actual conduct of that policy since the World War. The traditional concepts of diplomacy—the paramountcy of foreign over domestic affairs, the continuity of policy, and the balance of power—have proved inadequate for democratic governments.

Professor Friedrich ties together the complex narrative with considerable skill and with admirable impartiality, particularly in respect of the shifting relationships of France and Germany. Like many others, he asks whether the Spanish conflict is not merely the first episode in another Thirty Years' War, fought this time between the secular faiths of communism and fascism. Blaming the ineffectiveness of British foreign policy upon the anti-communist convictions of the Tory leaders, Professor Friedrich suggests that the inherent conflict between imperialism and democracy makes close cooperation with Great Britain undesirable for the United States.

The author offers more and better democracy as our only hope, as only the extension of constitutional government into international affairs can end the present anarchy. While this reviewer heartily concurs in that general recommendation, he suspects that Professor Friedrich has underestimated the force of modern nationalism which Nazi Germany represents, and the tensions created in every country by modern industrialism. There seems little justification as yet for the author's condemnation of the "blundering statesmanship" of Hitler, who seems extraordinarily successful in his diplomacy. With regard to party politics, Professor Friedrich should have added a few qualifying clauses for the United States, where the elements of discontinuity of policy arise from economic and regional divisions, expressed almost equally within both parties.

J. F. G.

## Miscellaneous

*THE ROMANCE OF HUMAN PROGRESS. By Arthur Stanley Riggs. Bobbs-Merrill.* 1938. $5.

Mr. Riggs disarms criticism of his "attempt at a more or less sweeping outline of cultural history" by the precautionary statement that he is "fully aware of the dangers and of the difficulties of this ambitious design." The title itself and the chapter headings forewarn the reader that romance and drama will be exploited with reportorial skill in this frankly popular, easy, and not unsuccessful account of the chief results of archeological research in many lands. Attention is focused in separate chapters on such subjects as "The Housing Problem," "The Romance of the Family," "The Healing Arts," in relation to ancient man in general rather than in relation to a single race or country. Although a great deal of deliberately undocumented information compiled from many sources, some of which are obviously less reliable than others, has been packed into the small compass of four hundred pages, such devices as the personal anecdote, the arresting phrase, and attractive illustrations effectually unite to hold the reader's attention.

A. S.

*WE ARE FORTY AND WE DID GET JOBS. By C. B. Thompson and M. L. Wise. Lippincott.* 1938. $1.47.

This book tells of the discovery and application of "an almost unbeatable formula for obtaining employment." It was written by two women past forty who went about the country getting jobs—many jobs and many kinds of them, though mostly of the clerical and semi-professional variety—as a demonstration that it can be done even in these vocationally parlous times. Having coached friends and acquaintances in their plan of operations and watched them try it out, the authors believe that what worked for themselves will work for others: men as well as women, and young people as well as the past-forty group.

We don't think that the unemployment problem will be solved by this book or its formula of job-getting, and perhaps we shouldn't imply that the authors really think so; nevertheless, it is

(*Continued on page* 22)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 250)

BAYARD TAYLOR—
THE NATIONAL ODE

(Philadelphia, July 4, 1876)

Doff thine æonian crown!
Beside clear-hearted Right
  That smiles at power's uplifted rod,
Plant duties that requite,
  And Order that sustains upon thy sod;
And stand in stainless might
  Above thyself, and only less than God.

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# Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE Q. Associates note with interest the arrival of the resuscitated *Southern Literary Messenger: Devoted to Every Department of Literature and the Fine Arts.* The old *Messenger,* famous as Poe's vehicle, suddenly stopped in June, 1864; the new issue, dated January, 1939, is indexed as Vol. I, No. 1. ☞We haven't had time yet to read it carefully, but we are struck by the invitation to all Southern authors "to help cultivate again the garden in which literature once flourished." ☞The first issue contains, among other things, articles by David K. Jackson ("Poe and the *Messenger*"), Jesse Stuart ("Ascension of Autumn"), and Clifford W. Dowdey ("Are We Still Fighting the War?"). ☞Mr. Dowdey begins his piece, "If, as a Southerner, you have lived in the North at all, you have been asked countless times, 'You still fighting the Civil War down there?'" Medium Q., a Southerner who has lived in the North going on 20 years, never heard the matter mentioned by any Yankee of his acquaintance; most of them, as far as we could make out, were pretty hazy about it until July, 1935, when G—W—T—W— was published.

☞An English publisher wants to change the title of Whit Burnett's new book, *The Literary Life and the Hell with It,* to *The Literary Life and Deuce Take It.* ☞Don Marquis's novel, *Sons of the Puritans,* a piece of which appears on page 11 of this issue, was completed except for the last few chapters at the time of Mr. Marquis's last illness. It will be published as the author left it, with his own notes for its conclusion. ☞Parallel passage department:—From *Edvard Grieg* by David Monrad-Johansen, p. 386. "August 5. Yesterday evening we went with the dear Percy Grainger to the steamer which was to take him to his mother in Denmark. What an artist, what a man! What a high idealist, what a child and, at the same time, what a broad and developed outlook on life. A future socialist of the purest water. . . ." ☞And from the jacket: "Percy Grainger, eminent Australian-born composer and pianist, praises the book highly: 'David Monrad-Johansen's life of Grieg is *the* standard Scandinavian work on the greatest of Scandinavian composers. . . . The literary style of his *Grieg* is as arresting as the story it tells. It is one of music's greatest books.'" ☞Carl Van Doren, the German translation of whose *Benjamin Franklin* is being published in the Netherlands, has arranged to turn over all his profits from this edition to the Joint Distribution Committee for the aid of German refugees. The Viking Press is in turn assigning its royalties from the German language rights to the Committee. ☞A lady writes from Charlotte, N. C., saying that the little pointing hands in TRADE WINDS bother her and make her feel nervous. ☞We borrowed the idea from old Ed Howe's *Weekly* over 20 years ago and are too sot in it to change.

## Two A. M.

Thank God for silence and this truce of night
After the long day's lunatic confusion.
Thank God for the magnificent delusion
That only these are real—this lonely light,
These friendly bookshelves, and these hours of flight
From revelation and from daft intrusion.
All else is limbo now; in smug seclusion
I dwell with men and deeds already trite.

Somewhere beyond the dark the earth goes turning,
With brag and bluster, impudence and greed,
All the bright flimflam of the gaudy show.
Here is my febrifuge—this low light burning,
These books in which with deep content I read
Of men dead years, and years, and years ago.

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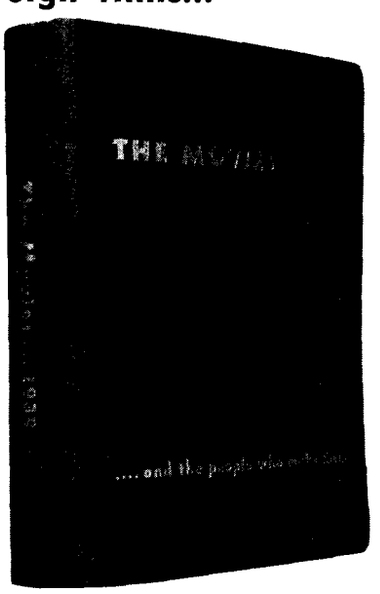


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## The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

an unusual book of vocational advice and inspiration, eminently practical in the attitudes and methods it recommends, and it should be immensely helpful to many people who are needing and wanting jobs. It is almost uncanny in its understanding of wrong ways of tackling this personal problem, though its emphasis is always positive and the style contagiously enthusiastic.

Of course, it is not our intention to give away this priceless job-getting formula; but it is quite permissible to report a couple of ideas that give the formula more than ordinary significance. The first is that one should think less in terms of available *jobs* than in terms of *work* that somebody in the community has to have done. The other idea is that in assessing one's own vocational assets, one doesn't confine oneself to jobs previously held. One examines one's total experience, and often finds that a talent or ability which has never before had any *vocational* expression is a perfectly marketable commodity if taken to the right market.

R. G. F.

*SELLING WHAT YOU WRITE. By Donald MacCampbell. Crowell.* 1938. $2.

From experience as editor, reader, agent, and teacher of composition, Mr. MacCampbell has distilled a practical handbook which should be of great value to beginning authors. Of all the advice he gives them, only one piece can be seriously questioned—to acquiesce if they must in the practice of some publishers who have begun to chisel in on the subsidiary rights, in some cases apparently even asking a piece of the serial money. How many novels will have a sale that is worth any such sacrifices?—aside from which, there are book publishers who don't chisel, even in hard times.

Against the belief of most unpublished writers that editors are personal devils, Mr. MacCampbell insists that "editors are human beings, subject to the usual laws of cause and effect," besides being overworked and "the most shabbily paid executives in the world." And to people who have to earn their living at a job and write in their spare moments he recommends the hours from five to eight A.M. as the best time. It is certainly the best time from the point of view of editors or the general public, for this heroic prescription ought to reduce the swarm of aspirant authors to the hardened minority who can take it.

E. D.

## Poetry

*ELIZABETHAN AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LYRICS. Selected and Edited by Matthew W. Black. Lippincott.* 1938. $4.

As a textbook designed for a (presumably introductory) course in lyric poetry this work has definite value. The scope of the selections is broad; there are useful introductory essays to the different divisions of the material, setting the background and providing elementary criticism; there are simple considerations of technic; and footnotes gloss difficult words and constructions. No one could quarrel with the editor's selections: he has been more than generous, and if he has overstepped at both ends the field he proposed to cover, he has adequate reasons for having done so. On the other hand, it must be said that the book's usefulness is limited to that of the primary text. It will not do as an anthology, because of these very guideposts; moreover, any reader who is more than a dabbler in poetry could be only distracted by the rhapsodic insistence upon Lyric as a type of irresponsible Ecstasy, and annoyed by a criticism that describes the final couplet of Shakespeare's sixtieth sonnet as "a conventional afterthought," or seriously considers such gifte-booke lines as

*Give me a rifle, a cow*
*And some biddies—*

as worthy of comparison with Tennyson's "Ulysses." And finally, it is not a reliable reference work. The editor states that the text of the poems is that of the first appearance in manuscript or print, and then goes on to observe (how needlessly!) that spelling and punctuation have been modernized. But Tottel, for instance, was an ardent rewrite man: his text of Wyatt's "They flee from me," for instance, which Professor Black follows, is demonstrably not what Wyatt wrote. And certainly there has been enough recent investigation of the technic of Donne and Crashaw, say, to prove that many of their eccentricities of punctuation, if not always of spelling, were not printer's errors. The expressive pointing of Crashaw's nativity-hymn and its eloquent use of sonorous capitals are quite lost by "modernization." We laugh at seventeenth century "translations" of Chaucer; in our own textbooks, if nowhere else, it is time that we put an end to a no less obtuse misinterpretation of the poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

D. F.

### Erratum

In a classified advertisement in last week's issue Mr. Harold Vinal was inadvertently referred to as "editor of Poetry magazine." The word "Poetry" should not have been capitalized. Mr. Vinal is editor of "Voices," a poetry magazine. His magazine has no connection with "Poetry: A Magazine of Verse."


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# Double-Crostics: No. 251

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1-A | | 2-X | 3-Z | 4-K | 5-Z | 6-V | | 7-J | 8-R | | 9-A | 10-G | 11-N | 12-P | | 13-C |
| | 14-R | 15-V | 16-B | | 17-I | 18-X | | 19-E | | 20-Y | 21-J | 22-H | 23-Z | 24-I | | 25-V |
| 26-M | 27-N | 28-K | 29-U | 30-A | | 31-Q | 32-C | | 33-E | 34-W | | 35-Y | 36-R | 37-O | 38-L | 39-G |
| 40-I | 41-W | | 42-F | 43-W | 44-U | 45-Y | 46-I | | 47-W | 48-L | 49-O | 50-N | 51-B | 52-L | 53-Z | |
| 54-O | 55-R | 56-S | 57-Y | 58-E | | 59-S | 60-T | 61-Q | 62-A | 63-K | | 64-H | 65-X | | 66-N | 67-Q |
| 68-H | | 69-N | 70-I | 71-J | 72-A | 73-G | | 74-Y | 75-Z | 76-P | 77-X | | 78-R | 79-J | 80-E | |
| 81-J | 82-B | 83-W | 84-R | | 85-X | 86-O | 87-R | 88-V | 89-F | 90-W | 91-K | 92-T | | 93-P | 94-N | 95-G |
| 96-B | | 97-G | 98-C | 99-U | | 100-Y | 101-W | 102-C | 103-U | 104-E | 105-K | 106-Z | | 107-L | 108-Y | 109-P |
| | 110-Q | 111-U | 112-N | 113-D | 114-R | | 115-M | 116-F | 117-K | 118-B | 119-W | 120-P | 121-Q | | 122-I | 123-D |
| 124-P | | 125-X | 126-P | 127-Z | 128-T | 129-A | | 130-L | 131-B | 132-F | 133-K | 134-W | 135-Q | | 136-X | 137-C |
| 138-E | | 139-A | 140-T | 141-Q | | 142-E | 143-C | 144-A | | 145-S | 146-M | 147-G | 148-L | 149-Z | 150-X | 151-K |
| | 152-H | 153-P | 154-F | | 155-Z | 156-S | 157-L | 158-A | 159-V | 160-B | 161-D | | 162-A | 163-C | | 164-H |
| 165-M | 166-S | 167-L | | 168-A | 169-Y | 170-M | 171-K | 172-Q | 173-F | 174-T | 175-I | | | | | |

**DIRECTIONS**

*To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.**

**DEFINITIONS**

A. Poem by Lewis Carroll.

B. Outlying pastures.

C. Symphony by Mozart.

D. Character in "Henry IV."

E. Appetite; voracity.

F. King of the West Saxons.

G. Modern symphony by MacDonald.

H. Poem by Keats.

I. Grandson of Noah; son of Javan.

J. One-sixtieth of a drachm.

K. Compelling attention.

L. Cross-grained.

M. Enormous amount.

N. Overreaches.

O. Jargon.

P. Things disconnected from their fellows.

Q. Military leader of Plymouth Colony.

R. Son of Joseph and Asenath.

S. Acknowledged.

T. Literary hacks.

U. English novelist (1814-1884).

V. The April 1614 Parliament of James I.

W. Too valuable to be appraised.

X. Follower; attendant.

Y. Gross indignities.

Z. Adorn.

**WORDS.**

9 1 139 168 144 30 62 162 72 158 129

131 51 118 160 82 16 96

143 13 102 163 98 32 137

123 161 113

138 80 19 104 33 142 58

116 89 42 132 173 154

39 73 10 95 147 97

68 152 164 64 22

40 24 17 175 70 122 46

21 71 79 7 81

171 91 151 4 133 117 105 63 28

157 130 38 52 148 48 167 107

115 26 165 146 170

66 112 50 69 94 27 11

49 86 54 37

126 93 124 76 120 153 12 109

135 141 61 172 110 67 121 31

14 78 87 36 8 114 55 84

156 56 166 145 59

92 60 140 128 174

111 44 103 99 29

15 88 6 25 159 100

47 43 90 83 134 119 101 34 41

125 77 18 2 85 150 136 65

108 35 45 169 57 74 20

149 155 127 53 23 5 75 106 3

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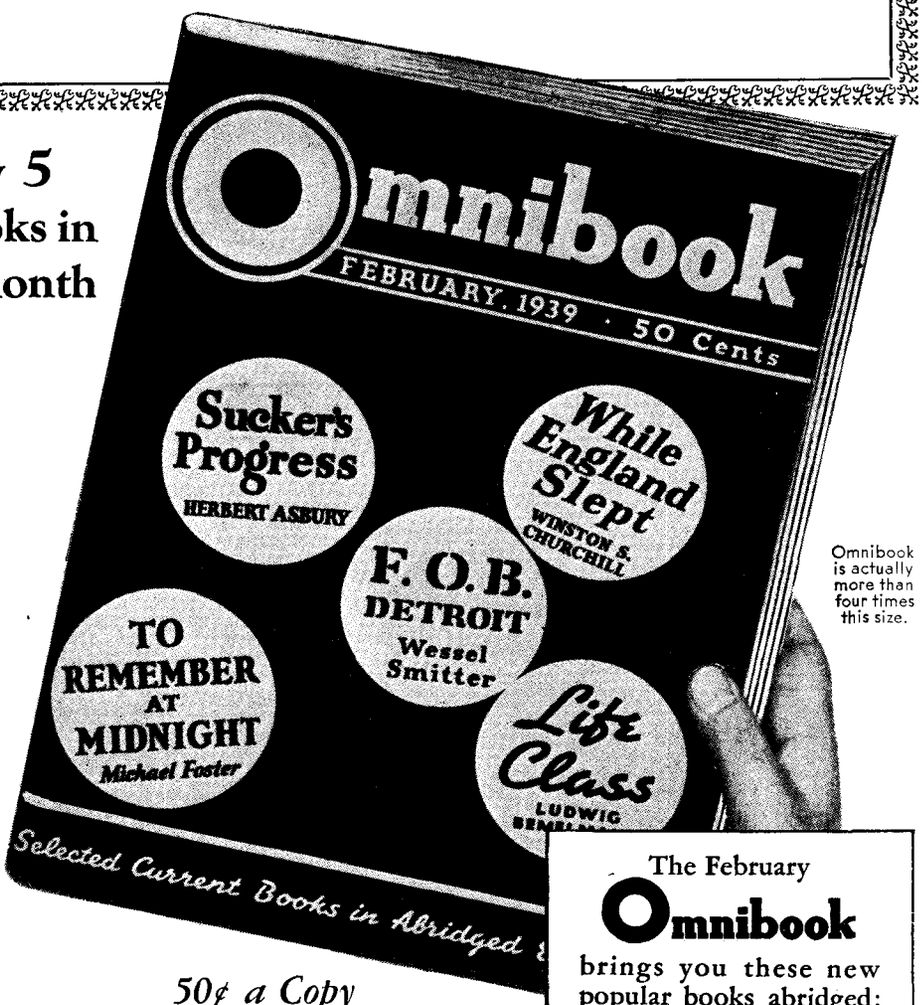


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